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No. 2.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

BY PROFESSOR RHOADS.



USTLY has it been said, that less learning makes a learned man at one age of the world than at another. The time was when a knowledge of the art of reading, was in itself all-sufficient, though at the present day, especially in our own happy country, the want of it is a disgrace even to early boyhood. It will not, perhaps, be so generally admitted, that it takes much more greatness to make a great man at one time than at another, but it is equally true. At some periods in the progress of almost every nation, great men are so scarce that even mediocrity becomes illustrious, while at others, there is such a flow of talent, that none but the strongest can rise into view. When Napoleon led the armies of France to victory, a long line of marshals and generals served under him, whose names grace the pages of history merely as efficient subordinates, any one of whom, if he had lived a century earlier, would have attained a place in the front rank of the mighty ones. These facts should be kept constantly before us when we are endeavouring to appreciate properly the men whom history introduces to our acquaintance; for he who wins his laurels from powerful competitors, deserves much more our applause than one who merely gathers them because they lie invitingly in his path. The season which produced John Hampden, the subject of this memoir, was a season of plenty. Never was there a more brilliant array of statesmen and patriots than that which the love of English liberty brought in the middle

of the seventeenth century to the battle against the encroachments and despotic aspirations of the first two Stuart kings. It is one of the compensating principles in the natural organization of nations and other communities, that times of distraction and tumult serve always to draw out and expand the latent talent of the people.

Then flourished Eliot, and Pym, and Vane, and Cromwell, and a host of other noble spirits. Such men as these are usually produced but one at a time, and but once in an age. And yet the era of the "Great Rebellion" teemed with them. Even to serve under men like these, is honourable. Hampden led them; and had his life been spared until the day of triumph, he would probably have secured for them and for the rest of his countrymen, a happier termination for their labours. Be this as it may, his exertions in the cause of his country, and the perfect self-devotion, the eminent ability, and majestic integrity which made them so efficacious, have secured for him a place in the regards of the generations which have succeeded, higher than any of his co-workers in the same cause; have emblazoned his name brightest on the most glorious page of his nation's history, and have singled him out from the crowd of patriots, who ennobled his age, as "*the patriot*."

To condense within the limits of a magazine article, a complete account of his life is impossible; to give even an intelligible abstract of it is scarcely less. It would require an investigation of the motives and characters of thousands, and a record of the actions of a whole generation of Englishmen; it would form the most important volume of a great nation's history. I purpose, therefore, to attempt nothing

further than to state a few of the prominent points in his personal history, and to call attention to a few of the personal relics of him which remain to us. Here, far from being embarrassed by a superabundance of materials, we are struck with their scarcity. Though estimable in private life, it was the public life of Hampden that made him renowned, and himself sacrificing everything private to the public weal, his cotemporaries seem to have, at least partially, forgotten that there could be a private history of such a man.

John Hampden was born in 1594. It is generally believed that London has the honour of being his birth-place, though the people of Buckinghamshire, who adored his name, long denied this claim, asserting that he was one of themselves, born at the manor-house at Hoggestone, in the hundred of Cottlesloe, in their county. His family was an ancient one, able to trace its descent, in an unbroken line, from the times before the Norman conquest. The estate and residence in Buckinghamshire, from which the name Hampden was derived, was conferred upon the family by Edward, The Confessor, and was transmitted in direct male succession to the patriot. It is said that, in the fourteenth century, the Hampdens were one of the most opulent families in England. Besides the extensive domains in Buckinghamshire, they had large possessions in Berkshire, Oxfordshire, and Essex. In the time of Edward I., one of them was obliged, in order to escape the loss of his hand, to surrender three valuable manors, as penalty for striking the Black Prince in a dispute at tennis. This surrender is commemorated in the traditionary lines

"Tring, wing and Ivanhoe
For striking of a blow
Hampden did forego
And glad he could escape so."

Notwithstanding other losses during after years, the estate to which "the patriot" succeeded was very large. The mother of "the patriot" was Elizabeth Cromwell, sister of Robert Cromwell, who was the father of the great Protector, and a descendant of a sister of Thomas Cromwell, the prime minister and favourite of Henry VIII., who succeeded to Wolsey's power and to a similar downfall. But 'tis superfluous to speak of John Hampden's ancestry. The noblest could add nothing to his worth; the meanest, such as his could ennoble.

Hampden was not four years old when the still ample estates of the family descended to him in consequence of the death of his father. The story of his boyhood, and of his early manhood, as far as it has been transmitted to

us, possesses but little interest, and will claim but few words. It is to be regretted that we have not fuller accounts of his early life, for it is almost impossible that such a man as he should live to middle age, before doing anything worthy to be recorded. The care of his education was entrusted, after his father's death, to Richard Bouchier, master of the free grammar-school at Thame, in Oxfordshire. He remained with Bouchier for several years, and then entered, in 1609, as commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he pursued his studies with the same indomitable energy and persevering zeal which he afterwards displayed in the great battle of life. He consequently gained considerable reputation for scholarship, the first fruits of which was his being one of those chosen to write the Oxford poems of gratulation on the marriage of the Elector Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth. It is worthy of remark, that among his associates upon this occasion, was William Laud, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, who became as celebrated for his thorough support of the arbitrary measures of Charles I., as did Hampden for his opposition to them. The last three lines of the verses produced by their joint labours, expressed a hope, or prophecy, that from this marriage, a progeny should rise, such as should be unequalled in the whole world. These lines are, as Lord Nugent suggests, indeed remarkable, when it is remembered that from this marriage sprang Prince Rupert, who led the royalist troops by whom Hampden was slain at Charlgrove.

In 1613, he was admitted to the Inner Temple as a student of law. Here he gained a reputation less enviable than that he had acquired at Oxford, and we fear not less justly awarded. Clarendon probably referred to this epoch, when he charged him with having led, in his earlier years, "a life of great pleasure and license." To what extent he allowed lively temperament and fascinating manners to betray him into the dissipations of the times, cannot now be determined. His errors were not, probably, very serious ones, else they would have sapped his taste for literary labours, and have, in some degree at least, incapacitated him for intellectual efforts. That they did not do so, we have not only the evidence of his later career, but the positive testimony of one not likely to speak more favourably of him than he deserved. Sir Philip Warwick declared that before leaving the Inner Temple, he possessed "great knowledge, both of scholarship and law."

But, whatever may have been his irregularities, they were soon thrown aside. On the 14th of June, 1619, he married; and, as we are informed by the same author who charges

him with "the license and pleasure," he suddenly "retired to a more reserved and melancholy society," from that time forward leading a life of "extraordinary sobriety and strictness, but retaining his usual cheerfulness and affability." His wife was Elizabeth, only daughter of Edward Symeon, Lord of the Manor of Pyrton, in Oxfordshire.

For several years after his marriage, though not altogether inattentive to public affairs, in which he was destined soon to take so conspicuous and honourable a part, he lived in retirement on his estate in Buckinghamshire. Having no private interest to promote, no personal vanity to indulge, no craving desires, no uneasy ambition to gratify, he shunned the strife of politics, and sought for happiness in the society of his wife, and in efforts for the welfare and improvement of his numerous tenantry. The house in which he resided during this tranquil period of his life, is still standing, and is now owned by the Hobarts, Earls of Buckinghamshire. It is a brick building (Fig. 1, in front), in good condition and repair; but has of late years had its external appearance much altered, if not improved, by the concealment of the red brick under a coat of white stucco. The scenery around it is described as exceedingly beautiful: "The view from the house opens through a long vista; a lawn of noble width, and carpeted with the richest verdure, slopes on until lost beneath the shadows of magnificent trees, judiciously cleared so as to afford one of the richest views in the midland counties of England. On a clear day the prospect over hills, and into deep valleys and dark woods, and down dells clothed with juniper and beech and chestnut, seems interminable; a very empire of beauty."

In the immediate vicinity of this beautiful spot, from which it is separated by a narrow road, is the church (Fig. 2, in front), where, during the happy season of peace which succeeded his marriage, the patriot so often knelt, and in the interior of which (Fig. 3), his remains now repose. The church, like the dwelling, is well kept, and in good repair, and affords a specimen of the old English house of worship. But the particular spot where rests what was mortal of the great Hampden, is not certainly known. No proud monument is reared where the patriot sleeps, not even a simple stone to tell us, here he lies. Tradition, however, points to a spot close to a plain tablet of black marble, dedicated to the memory of his wife, who died on the 20th of August, 1634. This tablet was erected by Hampden. It is set in a simple frame of light-coloured marble, and bears the patriot's tribute to the virtues of his lost one, "in perpetuall testimony of conjugal love."

"In her pilgrimage
The state and comfort of her neighbours,
The love and glory of a well ordered family,
The delight and happiness of tender parents,
But a crowne of blessings to her husband."

Though the patriot's grave is unmarked, a very imposing and costly structure (Fig. 4), stands near by, dedicated to the memory of a later, and less distinguished John Hampden,



FIG. 3.

INTERIOR OF HAMPDEN CHURCH.

who died in 1754, the nineteenth "hereditary Lord of Great Hampden." This tomb is interesting in this connexion, principally because, besides its gorgeous armorial bearings, it exhibits a sculptured representation (Fig. 5), of the fall of that great ancestor, whose noble and heroic devotion to the cause of his country and her liberties, gave such enviable and lasting renown to his family name. Figure 4 represents the whole of the oval tablet, with the upper part rich in armorial bearings, and the representation of the patriot's fall on the lower part, of which Figure 5 is an enlarged view. The figures, &c., are cut in white marble, and stand in bold relief from the dark veined marble that forms the substructure.

According to the prevailing taste of the time, weeping children are placed at each angle of the cenotaph, one bearing on a staff a representation of the liberty-cap, and the other holding in his hand a scroll, intended, perhaps, to represent Magna Charta.



FIG. 4.

TOMB OF THE "NINETEENTH LORD OF
GREAT HAMPDEN."

Hampden made his first appearance on the stage of public life in 1620; when he took his seat in the House of Commons of the British Parliament, as member for Grampound, then a borough of wealth and importance. This was the crisis of his life, the point when it became necessary to decide, whether by joining the courtiers he should attain honour and advancement, or by attaching himself to those who were resisting the tendency of the government to despotism, he should receive only pains and penalties in this life, and look to the life to come for rewards. He did not hesitate. He threw himself at once into the arms of the popular party, and with steady integrity he always afterwards adhered to it. This decision was a sad disappointment to his poor mother, who, proud of his great talents and acquirements, longed to see her son a peer of the realm. There is preserved in the British Museum, a curious letter from this lady, in which the following advice is sent to Hampden, but without effect: "If ever my sonn will seeke for his honour, tell him nowe to come; for heare is multitudes of lords a making—Vicount Mandvile, Lo. Thresorer; Vicount Dunbar, which was Sr. Ha. Constable; Vicount Falkland, which was Sir Harry Carew. These two last of Scotland; of Ireland, divers; the deputie a vicount, and one Mr. Fitzwilliams, a barron of England; Mr. Villers a vicount, and Sr. Will. Fielding a barron. . . . I am am-



FIG. 5.

THE LOWER PART OF THE OVAL TABLET IN THE PRECEDING FIGURE.

bitious of my sonne's honour, which I wish were nowe conferred upon him, that hee might not come after so many new creations." But, the path which this beloved son entered, was not that leading to titles and preferment. Its course lay rather toward persecution and the prison. He aimed not to profit by the power of the government, but to resist its encroachments upon the liberties of the people of England.

Though, in the earlier Parliaments of which he was a member, Hampden took no distinguished part in the proceedings, it was neither from want of interest, nor of ability, but rather from an innate modesty, which withheld him from assuming to lead, except when circumstances required it. This was proved when the crisis came. When danger thickened around the patriots, and many began to falter, then he pressed firmly on at the head of those

who feared not the encounter. It was thus that, from being a man comparatively unknown, he suddenly claimed the admiring applause of a whole nation. Thus it was that, when first he attracted public attention, he had already, as Sir Philip Warwick expresses it, "all great qualities ripened about him, of which he had never given a crude or ostentatious promise."

Immediately after the dissolution of the second Parliament of Charles I., letters were issued by order of Council, under the privy seal, for forcing private persons to lend money to the government. These loans were exacted in most cases from members of the popular party. One of the requisitions was addressed to Hampden, who positively and resolutely refused the loan. Upon being asked why he was so unwilling to contribute towards the King's necessities, he gave the memorable answer, "That he could be content to lend as well as others, but feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta, which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it." In consequence of this refusal he was arbitrarily committed to a close and rigorous imprisonment in the Gate House (Fig. 6). This



FIG. 6.

GATE HOUSE, THE PLACE OF HAMPDEN'S IMPRISONMENT.

prison was built in the reign of Edward III., and was originally the principal approach to the enclosure of the monastery of Westminster. It obtained much celebrity during the civil wars in England, on account of the incarceration of so many eminent men within its walls. From the Gate House he was sent into private detention in Hampshire.

Hampden had now suffered persecution; it had its usual effect. He no longer stood in the ranks of the patriots. He placed himself at

their head. From a faithful follower he became at once transformed into a skilful leader. In the new Parliament, which met in March, 1628, this change was remarked by all. Lord Nugent informs us, that "Scarcely was a bill prepared, or an inquiry begun on any subject, however remotely affecting any one of the three great matters at issue—privilege, religion, or the supplies—but he was thought fit to be associated with St. John, Selden, Coke, and Pym on the committee."

Upon the dissolution of this Parliament in May, 1629, Hampden retired to his estate in Buckinghamshire, to entire privacy, but not to inactivity. He was diligently engaged in preparing himself for further efficient action in the struggle which he foresaw must soon recommence. History and politics claimed his chief attention. Davila's History of the Civil Wars of France was his favourite, "as though in the study of that sad story of strife and bloodshed, he already saw the parallel which England was to afford so soon." There was, however, one thing remaining which might have unfitted him for the desperate display of determination, which the crisis now rapidly demanded—the strength of his domestic ties. But God, in his wisdom, saw fit at this time to break them. On the 20th of August, 1634, died "the patriot's" wife.

In the latter part of 1635, the celebrated ship-money writs were sent into Buckinghamshire. The English kings of the olden times, had claimed the right of requiring the maritime towns to furnish the royal navy with a certain number of ships for the defence of the coast. Charles I. endeavoured to make this antiquated and obsolete claim, the foundation of a right in the King to raise, without the authority of Parliament, a tax in money from all parts of the kingdom, inland as well as maritime. Had he succeeded he would have been entirely independent of Parliament, and have had power to tax the people at will. England owes a great debt of gratitude to the noble spirits of the time, that he did not succeed. The next year the sheriffs were required to proceed by distress, in case of refusal or delay of any one to pay the ship-money. Here Hampden planted himself immovably in opposition. The terrors even of the merciless Star Chamber (Fig. 7) disturbed him not. The amount of his tax was only thirty-one shillings and sixpence. But it was to the principle of the exaction that he objected. He reasoned as did the fathers of the American Revolution. "The right to take one penny implied the right to take a thousand." He denied the right. He refused to pay. Proceedings against him were immediately instituted in the Exchequer. The case was solemnly argued before the twelve judges. They decided



FIG. 7.

INTERIOR OF THE STAR CHAMBER.

in favour of the Crown by a majority of eight to four. But Hampden, though condemned by venal judges, was in reality triumphant. He had attained his object; he had aroused the people. Even Lord Clarendon was constrained to testify, that "the judgment infinitely more advanced him, Mr. Hampden, than the service for which it was given. He was rather of reputation in his own county, than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom, before the business of the ship-money; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who or what he was, that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and property of the country, as he thought, from being made

a prey to the court." The same writer notices his manner during the trial. "His carriage, throughout this agitation, was with that rare temper and modesty, that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against him, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony."

Hampden had hitherto, though firm, been gentle and moderate; he now became stern and impetuous. He had hitherto been merely for reform and protection; he now became, in the language of the times, "a root and branch man." Instead of seeking to lop off rotten boughs, he now aimed to destroy entirely the corrupt tree. At the opening of the Long



FIG. 8.

HAMPDEN VILLAGE AND COMMON.

Parliament in November, 1640, "the eyes of all men were fixed upon him as their Pater Patriæ, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempest and rocks which threatened it." The persecutions which he had endured, and the universal belief in his honesty of purpose, and devotion to the public good, made him the most powerful man in the kingdom. The first use to which he applied this power was in zealous support of the impeachment of Lord Stafford; but when the Commons changed the course of proceeding, by introducing a bill of attainder, he ceased to take part either way. He has been censured for this. Why, it has been asked, did he not, if he disapproved the attainder, oppose it as resolutely as he supported the impeachment? Lord Nugent has well answered the question. "In a case doubtful to him only as a matter of precedent, but clear to him in respect to the guilt of the accused person; in a case in which the accused, in his estimation, deserved death, and in which all law, except that of the sceptre and the sword, was at an end if he had escaped it; when all the ordinary protection of law to the subject, throughout the country, was suspended, and suspended mainly by the councils of Stafford himself, Hampden was not prepared to heroically immolate the liberties of England, in order to save the life of him who would have destroyed them."

Through all the important scenes and acts which followed, Hampden took a leading part. He was one of the five members accused of treason, whom Charles undertook to seize in the House of Commons, January 6, 1642; but instead of being intimidated, from this time "his nature and carriage" became fiercer. When, finally, the power of the sword was asserted for Parliament by the Ordinance of Militia, and the Committee of Public Safety was formed, he became a member of the Committee; the King issuing his Commission of Array, raised his standard at Nottingham, and thus the struggle was made to be hereafter one of arms.

Hampden was one of the first of the patriots to take the field. He hastened to Buckinghamshire, and tradition says, on Hampden Common (Fig. 8), he mustered and marshalled the militia of his native county. Other, and perhaps better authority, designates the field of Charlgrove as the place of muster. He devoted both purse and person to the cause. Besides raising a regiment at his own expense, he subscribed £2000 to assist the Parliament, and accepted the commission of Colonel. He joined the army of the Earl of Essex, over whom his powerful mind soon obtained such an ascendancy, that the enemies of both, charged that he was really the commander,

placed by Parliament as superintendent over the Earl. Well would it have been for the cause, if this really had been the case. But with all his influence he could not make that individual an energetic general. At the battle of Brentford, during the first campaign, after his troops and those of Lord Brooke, in support of the London regiment under Hollis, had borne the brunt of the day, he vainly urged Essex to convert, by a decisive forward movement, a doubtful issue into a victory. Had his advice been followed, it would probably have much shortened the war.

It is not, however, our province to give a history of the contest. It is sufficient to say that Hampden became as distinguished for energy in the field, as he had been for decision in Parliament. Failing in his efforts to arouse his superior to some great enterprise, he was, nevertheless, exceedingly active in a smaller way; and it was in the line of such duty that he received his death-wound. On the evening of the 17th of June, Prince Rupert, with about two thousand men, surprised and burned two villages occupied by parliamentary troops. As soon as Hampden heard of this, he set out with a body of cavalry which volunteered to



FIG. 9.

A CARBINEER OF HAMPDEN'S TIME.

follow him, to endeavour to delay the royalists until Essex could occupy the passes of Cherwell, and cut them off from Oxford. Rupert drew up on the field of Charlgrove to receive the attack. The action had not fairly commenced, when Hampden received two bullets



FIG. 10.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH HAMPDEN DIED.

from a carbineer. (Fig. 9.) These shattered his shoulder bone; his arm hung powerless at his side; and in agony he rode off the field.

His first impulse was to seek the village of Pyrton, where thirty years before he had married the wife of his affections, but Rupert's cavalry interposed. He then rode to Thame, about ten miles from the fatal field on which he was wounded, and found refuge in the house of Ezekiel Brown. (Fig. 10.) Here, after six days of excruciating pain, he expired. His last words were, "Oh Lord, save my country!—Oh, Lord, be merciful to—"

Near the place where Hampden fell, at the intersection of four cross-roads, on the field of

Charlgrove, a brick monument, coated with stone, has been erected to commemorate the spot, by some noblemen and gentlemen; but, *for want of funds*, it has been left unfinished. According to the original design, it was to have consisted of a square pedestal fifteen feet each way, surmounted by an obelisk seventeen feet high. The pedestal was raised, the obelisk is wanting. Figure 11 is a correct representation of its appearance at present. But why erect monuments? They may preserve, for a time, the memory of some men, but Hampden needs them not. His name will be remembered and blessed longer than brick or marble can endure.



FIG. 11

UNFINISHED MONUMENT OF HAMPDEN ON CHARLGROVE FIELD.



Tales of the Puritans.

No. VI.

THE RETIRED SOLDIER.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

CHAPTER I.

AMES the Second had ascended the throne of England. During the long reign of his predecessor, time had been given to the people of England to recover from the intoxication attending the Restoration, and to compare the rule of a plebeian Protector with that of a legitimate King. The Presbyterians had been thoroughly convinced of the folly of putting their trust in princes. Russell and Sidney had perished on the scaffold. Protestant England had quietly submitted to the accession of an anti-Protestant prince.

Mr. Pemberton, the proprietor of Cariswell Hall, was a conscientious loyalist. From the first origin of the disputes between the King

and the Parliament, he was a moderate supporter of the King. He disapproved of the appeal to arms, and would not be, in any way, accessory to the shedding of English blood. In consequence, he suffered only in his property during the progress of hostilities, and remained unmolested during the rule of Cromwell.

He was a member of the Parliament which voted the recall of the exiled Stuart. He fondly hoped that the restoration of the ancient forms would heal the disorders of the body politic. Notwithstanding the systematic mendacity of Charles the First, he trusted the declarations of Charles the Second.

Serious and devout in his habits, he looked with pain upon the license which followed the return of the King, and was disappointed in his expectation that it would speedily pass away. Thoroughly Protestant in his religious views, he was alarmed at the gradual drifting of the nation from the moorings of the Reformation. As the designs of James became manifest, even his tried loyalty did not prevent him from raising the question, whether anything could be done to recover the securities for religion and liberty which had been recklessly thrown away.

A visiter came from London—a man of serious and commanding aspect. Ostensibly his visit was one of friendship, and of relaxation from the pressure of public business; but there was little of cheerfulness in the conversation which passed between him and his host. The countenances of both betokened the presence of weighty and anxious thoughts. Much of their time was spent in a secluded grove appertaining to the Cariswell estate. There they discussed the prospects of England, and came to the unconfessed conclusion, that it were better that national honour and individual security should be preserved by Oliver, than that national disgrace and individual spoliation should be inflicted by James. The time had come when many a true churchman and loyalist began to call to mind some of the good deeds of the Puritan King.

They had brought the conversation on the great subject which weighed upon their minds, to a close, just as they reached the extreme border of the grove. They were in the vicinity of a small cottage which stood in a retired nook.

"What have we here?" said the visiter, with an evident desire to give a change to their thoughts, "one of your dependants?"

"No," replied Pemberton, "an independent in matters civil and religious. The owner of that cottage is one of Oliver's old soldiers."

"Indeed! from the residence he has chosen, I conclude he is disposed to live peaceably under the man James Stuart."

"Perfectly so. He avoids society, and makes no allusions to the past. He is very devout, too, in his way."

"A fanatic recluse?"

"There is nothing exceptionable in his conduct, except his refusal to attend the parish church; but I have not allowed him to be disturbed for his nonconformity."

At that moment the occupant of the cottage appeared at the door, and began to move slowly down the gravel-walk leading to his garden.

"He appears to have a very feeble step," said the stranger; "is he sickly?"

"His slow step is, I suspect, the result of habit, and not owing to a want of strength. Were his old master to appear, he would probably shoulder his musket (which, I am told, he still keeps bright) and fight as fiercely as at Naseby and Dunbar."

"He must be ill; see! he is falling."

The friends ran to his assistance. He had fainted. They bore him into the cottage, and placed him on his couch. While Pemberton went to a neighbouring spring for water, the stranger surveyed the apartment. The furniture was scanty but neat. Over the centre of the room, on hooks attached to the ceiling, hung his musket, as free from rust as on the morning on which the regiment was inspected by Colonel Cromwell. An open Bible lay upon the table.

The application of cold water to the face of the invalid restored him to consciousness. He thanked the friends for their kindness, and offered a silent prayer for the divine blessing to rest upon them.

"Have you been ill long?" said Mr. Pemberton.

"For a few days," was the reply.

"Why did you not send to the Hall for aid?"

"A friend has been staying with me; he left this morning. I am free from disease; but have less strength than I supposed. Sickness is new to me."

"You have seen many years," said the stranger; "were you never ill before?"

"I have never been confined to my bed for a day, since I was a boy, except—"

"After the battle of Naseby," said Mr. Pemberton, as the soldier hesitated, "when a bullet passed through him within an inch of his heart."

"That happened as he was valiantly fighting for his blessed Majesty," said the stranger, with grave irony.

A slight smile curled the lip of the invalid.

"We will leave you now," said Mr. Pemberton. "I will send some one to your aid."

"It will not be necessary—I am obliged to you for your kind intentions."

"He hardly knew how to understand our manner of speaking of Naseby," said Mr. Pemberton, as they left the cottage.

"He seems to be an educated man," said his friend.

"From a remark I once heard him make, I infer that he was, for a time, a student at Oxford; but I have no knowledge of the particulars of his history. It is but recently that any intercourse has taken place between us."

"It strikes me that he is a man of sagacity as well as courage, and may be made useful."

No reply was made to that remark. The friends proceeded in silence to the Hall. They there found letters which rendered it necessary for them to set out immediately for London.

"Margaret, my dear," said Mr. Pemberton to his daughter, "the occupant of the cottage beyond the grove is ill; I must leave him to your care."

"The old soldier?" said a fair girl of nineteen.

"Yes; send John to him at once, and learn what he wants, and see that he does not lack attendance during his illness. Farewell. I hope to return in a day or two."

The host and his visiter rode away for the metropolis.

CHAPTER II.

THE benevolence of Margaret Pemberton was sufficient to cause her, at once, to comply with her father's directions, with respect to the inmate of the cottage. Had filial obedience and benevolence been the only principles concerned in the matter, those directions would have received a more literal interpretation than she was disposed to give them. The influence of another principle, said to be very powerful in maiden bosoms, led her to resolve to accompany John in his visit to the invalid.

She had often, in her rambles through the grove, (for maidens then, as well as now, were romantic and lovers of nature,) seen the cottage, and noticed its occupant cultivating his garden, or sitting in the shade of an oak which stood near his door. She had a strong desire to speak to one so recluse and solitary. True, she had been told that he was one of those who had caused the death of the blessed martyr, and who revered the memory of the usurper—crimes, in the opinion of the loyalist, somewhat more heinous than direct communion with the source of evil. True, she had never seen him at the parish church, and she had no idea of the existence of religion apart from surplices and written forms. True, terrific tales of the cruelties of the rebel soldiery had formed a

large portion of the entertainments of her nursery. Still the inmate of the cottage was an object of curiosity, as well as of compassion. Directing John to see that he had an attendant during the night, she resolved to visit him herself in the morning.

It was a morning in June. The foliage wore its softest green, and the birds sung their usual family songs. No cloud obscured the sun, and the nodding branches of the trees seemed to welcome his rays. With a light heart, Margaret hastened on her way, leaving her attendant far behind, and, with cheeks glowing with exercise, was soon at the door of the cottage. It was open to receive the sunlight, and the old man was sitting in his arm-chair. He smiled, and courteously inclined his head, as she entered and inquired respecting his health.

"I am better this morning, but so weak that you will excuse me from attempting to rise: pray do me the honour to be seated."

Margaret complied with his request. John entered, and having placed on the table certain articles designed for the benefit of the invalid, he waited without for his young mistress.

"I have seen you often, as I have been walking in the grove," said Margaret, with a smile which some of the visitors at the Hall would fain have purchased at almost any price, "and have wished to speak with you."

"I have had the same desire," said the old soldier, "especially when you were a child. I once had a daughter—" He paused, and closed his eyes. His manner in uttering those words caused a bright tear to run down the cheeks of the maiden. "Do you remember, many long years ago, when I once spoke to you—it was near the spring,—your nurse drew you away?"

"I do."

"I had a daughter—she was of the years you were then, when I lost her."

"She died in her youth?" said Margaret, after a long silence.

"She did." The tears coursed down the old man's cheeks.

Margaret gazed upon him with astonishment. To witness manifest proofs of tenderness on the part of one who had fought against the Lord's anointed, and who was never present in a consecrated place of prayer, was what she was not prepared to comprehend. This did not cause her to withhold the tear of sympathy.

"For more than twenty years I have not met with one like you—since I have been blessed with a tear of sympathy from a youthful eye."

"I am sorry that we have not met before; will you tell me more about your daughter?"

"My Mary and her mother were my idols. It was fitting that they should be taken away from me: but that lessened not the guilt of those who did the deed. In a single hour I was written widow and childless!"

"Of what disease did she die?" said Margaret, not noticing the intimation that she met with a death of violence.

"A musket-ball passed through her brain!"

"Was it an accident?"

"A band of Prince Rupert's troopers rode up to my house, and fired a volley through the window, and rode their ways amid cursing and laughter. Mary was sitting at the feet of her mother, reading the Bible. Here is the Bible she had in her hands when she died."

He rose with difficulty and tottered to a chest, and took out the book, and unfolded the linen in which it was wrapped. A large portion of its leaves were red with the blood of the child. Margaret, shuddering, closed her eyes. The old man kissed the red leaves, and returned the volume to its place.

"I do not wonder that you joined the rebels," said she.

"I was already in the army of the Parliament, having early cast in my lot with those who struck for liberty and truth."

"Was your wife killed at the same time?"

"She was, though she lingered long enough to bid me farewell. It was just at nightfall that I learned that a party of horse had taken the direction leading to my house. I obtained leave, and hastened thither. I heard the volley when about half a mile distant. When I reached the house, Mary had ceased to breathe, and the life's blood was fast oozing from the bosom of my wife. She had just strength enough to bid me farewell, and to charge me to persevere in the good cause."

"Is it possible that amid such circumstances she could desire your continuance in arms?"

"She thought no sacrifice too great for the cause of truth and righteousness. I held her in my arms till she breathed her last: I then composed their limbs, and with my garments saturated with the blood of my wife and child, I returned to the camp."

"Oh! horrible!" said Margaret, placing her hands upon her eyes, as if to shut out the vision. "The King would never have permitted such a deed!"

"Charles Stuart has gone to answer for his crimes at an impartial bar. I wish not to speak of him. I returned to the camp, and told my sorrows to my colonel, a good man and just, who wept and prayed with me. He would have ordered out the whole regiment to attend the burial, but he feared the sight would rouse

the hearts of the soldiers to vengeance. A small band of praying men went with me, and we buried them underneath a tree whose shade they had often enjoyed. Not long afterwards the house was set on fire and consumed. I have never visited the place since. I was soon afterwards offered promotion. I felt that it was in consequence of my affliction, —I could not accept it at the cost of the life-blood of my wife and child. Promotion was never my object. I strove to have a single eye, and I succeeded, after my idols were taken away. I was enabled to say even in reference to that bitter dispensation, 'He doeth all things well.'"

"I do not understand you. You told me they were killed by Rupert's soldiers?"

"I did; but Rupert's soldiers could go no further than they were permitted by the Ruler of all. It was among His purposes that my idols should be removed from me, and the troopers were permitted to follow the suggestions of Satan, and slay them with wicked hands. I was bound to cherish resignation to the dispensations of Providence, but I was not bound to look with complacency on the perpetrators of the deed."

"Did you continue in the army till the end of the war?"

"I served till God broke the stay and staff of this kingdom, and gave the people over to suffer the consequence of their folly and wickedness."

At this moment John appeared at the door, and respectfully reminded his mistress that it was necessary for him to return. "Must you go?" said the old soldier, attempting to rise: Margaret prevented him from so doing, and said, "I will see you again to-morrow."

"Thank you. I have spoken to you of events respecting which I have kept silence for more than a score of years."

"Farewell," said Margaret, extending her hand.

"Heaven bless you!" said the soldier, with a fervour which led to the mental inquiry whether it were not worth more than the blessings of the well-fed dignitaries who sometimes partook of her father's hospitality. She returned to the Hall, and, retiring to her room, spent a thoughtful day.

A new world was opened to view by her visit to the old soldier. That intelligence, feeling, and piety could be possessed by one belonging to a party which she had been taught to despise and abhor, was to her a discovery as great as that of a new planet would be to an astronomer. Her active imagination dwelt on the cruel scene she had heard described, and her tears flowed more freely in solitude than in the presence of the

sufferer. She pardoned all his subsequent acts of rebellion against the King.

CHAPTER III.

ON the following morning, Margaret went alone to the cottage. She found the old soldier sitting under his tree, enjoying the morning breeze. His cheek wore a healthier hue, and he rose without difficulty as she approached. She seated herself near him on the green turf. "Your visit yesterday," said he, "has refreshed me greatly. The young do not know how much their sympathy can do for the aged. I can only thank you, but you will not lose your reward. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.' I would not be presumptuous, but I have an assurance that I am His."

"You ascribe to me a merit," said she, "to which I have no claim. It was no religious motive which led me here yesterday."

"That may be; still the act was one of kindness. You manifested a sympathy to which I have been for many years a stranger."

"You have not been entirely without society? You have sometimes had visitors?"

"I have had visitors—some of whom the world is not worthy, and whom it would be perilous to name. But no one but you has so reminded me of my daughter. A voice like yours I have not heard for many long years."

"I shall rejoice if I can in any way add to your happiness. I am sorry that we have not met before."

"It has doubtless been for the best. It has caused me to feel more deeply that this is not my rest."

"Have you no relatives?"

"I have neither father nor mother, nor brethren nor sisters according to the flesh. I have other relatives, but they became estranged from me when England's troubles came on. They have possessed themselves of my inheritance, and probably do not know that I am living."

"If it be not unpleasant to you, I should like very much to hear the incidents of your early life."

"It is never unpleasant to the aged to speak of the events of their early years. I have often wished for some one to whom I could recount the mercies I have received."

"Why then have you not sought society?"

"For a long time my safety depended upon my seclusion. Perhaps I am not wise in departing from the reserve that I have heretofore maintained."

"Do you think it possible that I could injure you?"

"No, I do not. Your eye is like the eye of

her for whom I have mourned for so many years, and for whom I shall continue to mourn till I am called to meet her in a better world."

After a pause of some moments, during which he was either collecting his thoughts or engaged in mental prayer, he began. "I was an only child. My mother died when I was quite young. I have a dim recollection of a sweet countenance which smiled upon me, and of a silvery voice which called me her own dear boy—but perhaps these were dreams suggested by the wants of my young heart. My father was a prosperous merchant. His success had nearly satiated his desire for property, and a new ambition sprung up in his bosom. It was that his family should be ennobled, not in his own person, but in that of his son. Him he desired to see among the peers of the realm. He held that which could purchase rank—for the venal fountain of honour was open to the highest bidder. It was not merely a title that he wished me to wear. He desired that I should be fitted to an active part in the direction of public affairs. To this end he sent me to Oxford.

"While I was pursuing my studies at Oxford, the whispers of discontent began to be heard. They gradually increased into that clear, full utterance which made Hampden the most popular man in England. My father was an earnest adherent of the King, and in his frequent letters, he urged me to make myself prominent in the same cause among my fellow-students. I had been a diligent student of the literature of Greece and Rome, and the spirit thence derived, prepared me to sympathize with Pym, Elliot, and Hampden, rather than with the advocates of arbitrary power. But the patriotism derived from heathen sources is not strong enough to withstand the suggestions of interest. As the cloud grew darker, and the perils of those who opposed the King increased, I was induced to refrain from expressions I had somewhat freely used, and to allow myself to be claimed, and reckoned as one of those who supported all the measures of the King. This gave great satisfaction to my father. He informed me that my name was well known to his majesty, and that the way was open for preferment in his service, as soon as my academical course was finished.

"Soon after this, as I was strolling through the streets on the morning of the Sabbath, curiosity led me to look in at the door of a church, in which a noted Puritan was accustomed to preach. I had no intention of remaining during the service; my object was simply to see the preacher, and to listen to a few sentences of his harangue. He rose to announce his text, just as I entered the door. There was something commanding in his ap-

pearance. His eye was piercing, and his countenance marked with the lineaments of thought. He named his subject, which was the dignity of man, and entered upon it in a manner which at once riveted my attention. I forgot where I was; I forgot that he was a Puritan; I forgot everything but the subject; I never before felt my importance in the scale of being—never before had a view of the high objects for which alone I could worthily live. The preacher then proceeded to show how men came short of the dignity of their birth. By a course of reasoning confirmed by a constant appeal to facts, and set home by a fervid eloquence of expression, I saw my own character in a light never before revealed to me. When he closed his discourse, I found myself standing in the aisle. I hastened to withdraw and conceal the tears that were coursing down my cheeks.

"The impression made upon my mind was abiding. I studied the Bible, and found that the preacher had given the Bible view of man.

"A change took place in my demeanour, which attracted the notice of my companions: they were ignorant of the cause, and attempted by various means to dissipate what they were pleased to term my melancholy. Their efforts tended to increase the darkness that brooded over my soul.

"I spent the ensuing vacation with my uncle. His house was the head-quarters of the sporting gentry, lay and clerical, of the neighbourhood. I avoided their society as much as possible. I abstained from the wine cup, save once, when, to dissipate my gloom, I drank to intoxication, and received the plaudits of those who were ready to fight for the *Church* and King.

"One day I had stolen away from the revellers, and was taking a solitary walk. It was late in November. The cold wind swept the dry leaves along my pathway to the churchyard. Just as I reached it, a funeral procession was moving toward an open grave: there were scarcely a dozen persons in the procession, and but one mourner. It was the funeral of a widow, and the mourner was her only daughter. Her dress, though neat, was not sufficient to shield her fragile form from the piercing wind. She wept aloud as the earth fell upon the coffin. The expression of woe that sat upon her countenance, as she looked her thanks to the attendants when the grave was filled up, was such as I never saw before, nor have ever seen since—no, not in all my witnessings of death in the field and upon the scaffold: even the hardened grave-digger wept at the sight.

"As she turned to leave the graveyard, I saw that she could scarcely keep from falling. I instinctively stepped forward, and took hold of her arm, without speaking. She accepted the proffered support, without looking up to see

who gave it. She told me afterwards, that she believed my act saved her heart from breaking.

"I went with her to the dilapidated and lonely tenement whence the dead had been borne.

"May the Lord reward you!" said she, as we reached the door. She did not invite me to enter, nor did she by her manner repel me. I entered; she pointed to a seat. She then sat down in the chair which it was evident her mother had recently occupied, and covered her face with her hands. After a long silence, I succeeded in making proffers of service.

"I may not refuse your offer," said she; "my trust is in God alone, and the aid which he furnishes, I will receive with thanksgiving. You are his servant, or you would not offer aid to the friendless."

"You are mistaken," I replied, "I am not what you suppose me to be. O that I knew where I might find him!"

"She looked at me with surprise, as I wept before her.

"Can you not pray with me?" said she.

"I cannot offer the prayer of a believer."

"Let us pray," said she, falling upon her knees, and pouring forth a prayer indicative of her deep affliction and strong hope, and sublime in its intercession for one who had shown kindness to the orphan in the day of trouble. Even while she was yet speaking, I felt that her prayer would be answered.

"The next day I learned her history. She was the daughter of a preacher recently deceased in the western part of England. The widow, with her child, was on her way to her former home. She was taken ill. The disease was supposed to be contagious, and no one would receive them. They were constrained to turn aside to that untenanted cottage, whence, after a few weeks of suffering, the mother departed to join her husband in the better land, leaving her daughter in the midst of strangers. The daughter had been obliged to part with a portion of her wardrobe to procure comforts for her mother. She was now alone and destitute; but she supported herself by the principles she had learned from her father's teachings and her father's Bible.

"On the third day, I set out with her on her way to her friends. Ere she had reached her destination, we felt that our hearts were one for time and eternity.

"I returned to my father's house, and made a frank declaration of my views and feelings on the subject of religion, and of the relation I sustained to Mary. He listened with calmness, and for a moment I hoped that He, in whose hand are the hearts of men, had interposed in my behalf; but my hope was soon disappointed. My father gave me one week, in which I must renounce my religion, and break my faith with

Mary, or go forth a disinherited and homeless wanderer. At the end of that week I went forth to see my father's face no more. I rejoiced that I had strength given me to part from house and lands for the gospel's sake.

"I did not return to the University. With the funds I had in hand I established myself in a branch of business with which I was somewhat acquainted, and was soon after married. For nearly ten years we lived in quietness, and our little daughter gave a joy to our hearts which we never expected to experience on this side of heaven.

"When the war came on, and it became my duty to take the field, we parted with many tears. My dear wife strengthened me in my purpose, and willingly exposed herself to danger for the good cause.

"When the changes of war brought the regiment to which I belonged into the vicinity of my dwelling, I rejoiced that I could see my loved ones once more, but trembled at the dangers to which they were exposed in consequence of that part of the country's becoming the seat of hostilities. I made an ineffectual attempt to remove them. What became of them you already know."

"I think you told me you continued in the army till the close of the war?"

"Till the people of England, in their perverseness and folly, voted that Charles Stuart should rule over them. I then thought of leaving England; but without a clear call, I could not leave the graves of my wife and child. A friend purchased this secluded spot for me, and the good hand of the Lord has kept me till this hour."

"You still preserve your arms," pointing to the musket visible through the open door.

"I shall probably never war again, except with principalities and powers, and shall have no use for the weapon, still I take a pleasure in keeping it bright. It has reminded me of past mercies, and of my duty to keep my spiritual armour polished and in readiness."

Thanking him for his narrative, Margaret returned home, reflecting upon principles and feelings to which she had hitherto been an utter stranger.

CHAPTER IV.

ON Mr. Pemberton's return from London, his first inquiries were respecting the occupant of the cottage. Margaret's replies evinced an interest which raised a smile on the lips of her father. "One would almost be inclined to think that you have found a lover in the old rebel," said he.

"He is an exceedingly interesting old man,"

said Margaret, "and I think if my father had suffered as he did, he would have been a rebel too."

"I am sorry you have so little confidence in your father's loyalty, though you may have less before you have more. Since you are so much interested in the old man, you will not object to being the bearer of a message to him?"

"By no means. Shall John go with me?"

"No; I would that no one should know your object."

Margaret took the letter, and hastened towards the cottage. As she drew near, she heard the soldier's voice, and was sorry to find that he was not alone. As she stood doubting whether she ought not at once to return, the voice became more distinct, and she found that it was the voice of prayer. The petitions were distinctly heard. Her own name was mentioned, and blessings of which she had no definite conception were invoked upon her. She could not dismiss the conviction that there was within the cottage a personal presence, to whom the suppliant was earnestly yet reverently presenting his requests.

When his prayer was ended, she knocked, and was admitted. She delivered the letter. He started as he saw the superscription, and gave her a searching glance. "My father directed me to hand it to you privately." He proceeded to read the letter. His eye brightened and his cheek glowed as he went on. When he had finished, he rose and said with great animation, "The time is well-nigh come: I did not expect to see it, but I shall see it before I die. The blood of his saints has not been shed in vain!"

Margaret regarded him with astonishment, and waited in vain for an explanation of his meaning. He seemed wrapt in thought, and indisposed to converse. She rose to depart. "Tell your father I will see him soon; more I cannot say now. Do not deem me unkind. Farewell!"

On Margaret's return to the Hall, her astonishment was increased by the arrival of a large number of visitors. They were all grave, and some of them even fierce-looking men. It was plainly no pleasure party which had gathered there. The laugh was not heard, and scarcely a smile was seen to move any lip. The hours were passed in grave deliberations, to which none but themselves might listen. The old soldier soon arrived and joined them. Having passed an hour with them, he retired with a glowing countenance and burning eye. As he passed Margaret he gave her an affectionate salutation, and hurried home with the elastic step of youth.

The visitors disappeared, but not so the cloud upon Pemberton's brow. Day after day seemed

to increase the weight of anxiety which was weighing upon his soul.

News at length came of the landing of William of Orange. A message to the cottage brought the old soldier, with his burnished musket to the Hall. In company with Pemberton he rode away to join the army of the Prince.

In a few months they returned in safety, and the weapon was restored to its former place, never to be taken down again.

"It has done its last work," said the soldier, "and so has its owner."

Margaret watched by his bedside during his last illness, and received his parting blessings.

HYMN TO THE OCEAN.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

For ever callest thou, unfathomed Deep,
Unto the spirit's yet profounder depths!
And He who gave thee that mysterious voice,
Whose hollow tones make tremulous my soul,
From thought's abyss awakens its response.
Who, that hath gazed on thy portentous breast,
And seen it heave, as if some mighty heart
Convulsively beneath its surface beat,
Can marvel that through superstition's mists
The ancients saw and feared thee as a god?
For when Imagination spreads her wings
Above thy trackless, measureless expanse,
Lo! thou becomest a huge Titan stretched
In ominous repose, and breathing hoarse,
As muttered thunder in yon gathering cloud;
But as that rises, growing dark and dense,
Thou wakenest too, in thy terrific might,
Foaming with rage, and for the combat armed
From the munitions of thy secret caves;
While every threatening thunder-peal of Heaven
Is bellowed back from thy defiant waves!

Thus, Ocean, I, on airy pinions poised,
Behold thee in the sunlight and the storm;
But, when I rise to Reason's purer realms,
My truer vision views thee as thou art—
No god thyself, but God's stupendous thought!—
The chief expression of his matchless might,
And swayed for ever by great Nature's laws.
Ay, nature's Sovereign, lest in turbulence
Thou break from his vast chain of harmonies,
Hath placed a shining monitor on high,
Whose mystic signs thy restless tides obey:
Oh! when her smile serene upon thee beams,
How thy wild waves rejoice and laugh again—
Chasing each other as in frolic mood
They cast white pebbles on the beaten shore.
And how resplendent art thou, when, with morn,
In golden livery Phoebus' heralds come,
And burnished lances gleam athwart thy breast!
The fiery steeds that urge his radiant car

Seem leaping as from out thy hidden depths
To mount the orient, while all nature hails,
And thine exulting waves the chorus join!
Then sends the soul her orisons above,
Timed to the music of thy morning hymn.

When murky clouds at twilight veil the sky,
And flit like spectres o'er the leaden sea,
A murmurous moan, from thy deep caverns sent,
Appals my ear, as each receding wave
Gives pause a moment to the breakers' boom;
A supernatural awe steals through my soul,
While ghosts of buried memories rise in troops,
And pass in slow review across the brain;
Then, too, prayer wakens, but its trembling thought
Shrinks from the lips that palsying Fear hath sealed,
And timid hides within the heart's recess.

But oh, when night and storms contend without,
The distant roar of thy tumultuous surge
Startles imagination, like to groans
Of demons from the pit of Erebus!
I seem to stand alone on danger's brink,
That trembles with the crash of breaking seas—
To linger there, as spellbound by the sense,
The awfulness of true sublimity—
Old Ocean warring with the incensed winds!

From year to year, from age to age, thy voice,
Perpetual Sea, proclaims Omnipotence!
An uncreated, all-creating power,
Transcending far as heaven thy proudest heights;
Deeper than thine unfathomable depths;
Wider than is thy limitless expanse—
Encircling thee in its immensity,
And staying thy ambitious waves at will.
Ah, here Thought's subtlest faculty must fall—
It cannot pierce the dim indefinite,
Which awes the soul through thee, mysterial Deep!
And nearest brings it that engulfing sea,
Where thou, thyself art lost—ETERNITY.

SONNET.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

How canst thou call my modest love impure,
Being thyself the holy source of all?
Can ugly darkness from the fair sun fall?
Or Nature's compact be so insecure,
That saucy weeds may start up and endure
Where gentle flowers were sown? The brooks that crawl
With lazy whispers through the lilies tall,

Or rattle o'er the pebbles, will allure
With no feigned sweetness, if their fount be sweet.
So thou, the sun whence all my light doth flow—
Thou, sovereign law by which my fancies grow—
Thou, fount of every feeling, slow or fleet—
Against thyself wouldst aim a treacherous blow,
Slaying thy honour with thy own conceit.

APPROACH OF THE ISRAELITES TO MOUNT SINAI.

BY THE REV. J. P. DURBIN, D. D.

(See Engraving.)

WE left Israel at Rephidim, celebrating the victory gained over the Amalekites. "And Moses built an altar, and called the name of it JEHOVAH-NISSI:" i. e. *The Lord my banner*. Ancient monuments in honour of great events were always expressive of a religious sentiment, because deliverance and victory were regarded as given by the supreme power, known to the different nations as Jehovah, Jove, or Lord. In the neighbourhood of this altar they remained several days, during which time the Jewish commonwealth began to assume a more regular and consistent form. The occasion of this was the visit and wisdom of Jethro, the Priest of Midian, and the father-in-law of Moses. Some forty years before this, Moses, the illustrious fugitive from Egypt, had taken refuge in these mountains; and finding the family and flocks of Jethro here, he entered into his service. According to the custom of the East, the daughter of Jethro, probably, tended her father's flocks, and thus Moses and Zipporah were thrown together at the wells, where the flocks were watered in the evenings, and in the deep shade of the overhanging mountains in the heat of the day. One might readily have anticipated the result; they were quickly married. When Moses was called back to Egypt, for the purpose of bringing the people of Israel from thence, in order to lead them to the Promised Land, he took his wife with him several days' journey, when some unexplained cause occasioned her to return, with her two sons, to her father, Jethro, who seems to have remained in the vicinity of Horeb with his flocks. After witnessing the signal overthrow of Amalek at Rephidim, and probably hearing rumours of Moses' greatness, he hastened to the Hebrew camp with Zipporah his daughter, the wife of Moses, and her two sons Gershom and Eliezer. Their meeting is characteristic of the East unto this day. "And Moses went out to meet his father-in-law, and did obeisance, and kissed him; and they asked each other of their welfare; and they came into the tent. And Aaron came, and all the elders of Israel, to eat bread with Moses' father-in-law before God." Within the group of the same mountains I witnessed similar meetings between our Sheikh Tualib and his friends, in 1843. As we pitched our tents at evening, at the junction

of Wady Feiran and Wady Sheikh, an Arab, with a form of the finest proportions, came forward and respectfully saluted Tualib. His full, loose garment hung gracefully around his person, and his finger was adorned with a ring. He was a nephew of our old chief, a rich young Arab, in prospect of a Sheikhship. His herds of sheep and goats were browsing on the opposite side of the valley. I was surprised to see him assist in pitching our tents, but quickly learned that his flocks were to furnish the roasted kids for a feast that night, to which Tualib and his chief friends were invited. As the young Bedouin prince led away his friends, one of my young companions exclaimed, "Behold the Belvidere Apollo!" The symmetry and grace of that noble and independent son of the desert will long live in my memory.

As yet the administration of the affairs of the Hebrews was divided into three great departments, over which Moses, however, exercised a general supervision. The religious affairs were committed to Aaron, the military to Joshua, and the judicial to Moses. The day after the feast, Moses sat to judge the people from morning until evening; and Jethro remained with him. He readily perceived that no man could endure the daily fatigue which Moses had to undergo, and he very wisely said to him, "The thing that thou doest is not good. This work of judging the people is too heavy for thee: thou art not able to perform it thyself alone. Hearken unto my voice, I will give thee counsel, and God shall be with thee. Thou shalt make them ordinances and laws, and shalt show them the way wherein they must walk, and the work that they must do. And choose thou from among the people, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and make them rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens, that they may judge the people. And if there be any matter too hard for the inferior judge, let it be carried to the next superior, and if it be too hard for any of them, then let it be brought to thee. Thus thou shalt be able to endure, and all this people shall also go to their place (the Promised Land) in peace." Moses accepted this wise advice of his father-in-law, and then dismissed him in peace to his own land or pasture grounds in the vicinity.

The reader of English history will see in this advice of Jethro, the germs of the Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. The great Alfred divided all England into counties, answering to the divisions of thousands in the Hebrew arrangement; he then divided the population of each county into hundreds, and these hundreds into tens, answering strictly to the judicial hundreds and tens of the Hebrews. The English division was for judicial purposes, and cases came by appeal from the tens to the hundreds, and from the hundreds to the county courts, in which a sheriff had paramount authority, acting for the crown. And an appeal lay from all these courts to the king himself, as in the Hebrew arrangement the appeal lay to Moses in weighty matters. Indeed, if this were the proper occasion to discuss the subject, it would be easy to show in the Hebrew commonwealth all the elements of Anglo-Saxon liberty, and very many of the peculiarities which distinguish our own Republic.

It has already been stated that the people were famishing for water when they arrived at Rephidim; and from the sacred history it is evident that Rephidim was very near to Horeb, as Moses was commanded to take his rod and go strike the rock in Horeb, and the water should flow for the people, which it seems remained at Rephidim. This would suggest that a valley led from Horeb to Rephidim, through which the water flowed from the rock in Horeb to the Hebrew camp. Assuming that the modern Sinai is the true Horeb of Moses, there is no difficulty in placing Rephidim to the northwest, in Wady es Sheikh, which extends from the base of Horeb to Wady Feiran, and thence to the Red Sea. Accordingly, at the base of Horeb, the traveller is told he may see the identical rock which Moses struck. From the accounts of previous travellers, and my settled conviction that the legend in regard to the rock was a fable, I had made up my mind that it could not excite any interest in me. May I tell the reader that, notwithstanding my good stock of skepticism, this stone made more impression on me than any natural object claiming to attest a miracle ever did. Had any enlightened geologist, utterly ignorant of the miracle of Moses, passed up the ravine and seen the rock as it now is, he would have declared—though the position of the stone, and the present condition of the country would have opposed any such impression—that strong and long-continued fountains of water had once poured their gurgling currents from it and over it. He could not waver in this belief for a moment, so natural and perfect are the indications. I examined it thoroughly, and if it be a forgery, I am satisfied that a greater than Michael Angelo designed and executed it. I

cannot differ from Shaw's opinion, that "Neither art nor chance could by any means be concerned in the contrivance of these holes, which formed so many fountains." The more I gazed on the irregular, mouth-like chasms in the rock, the more I found my scepticism shaken; and at last I could not help asking myself whether it was not a very natural solution of the matter, that this was indeed the rock which Moses struck; that from it the waters "gushed forth," and poured their streams through the Wady es Sheikh to the famished Hebrews at Rephidim.

After completing the preliminary judicial arrangements already recited, Moses led the people to Horeb, a group of granite mountains, precipitous, lofty, jagged, and so sterile that scarce a spear of grass is found in a crevice. This interior group is surrounded by higher and, were it possible, still more terrible and gloomy mountains, which enclose it as the awful sanctuary of the Almighty. At the base of this mountain the Hebrews pitched their tents, and suffered their flocks to wander in the adjacent valleys, and upon the neighbouring mountains for nearly a year, during which time the law was given, and the tabernacle built. Of this period of Hebrew history I have already written in the number for April, of last year. Their military force and arrangement will claim attention now. In reference to these we have minute information in the Book of Numbers, which contains an account of the military strength, and organization of each tribe. The general enrolment took place at Mount Sinai, in the second month of the second year after their departure from Egypt. The divine order for the enrolment was in these words, "Take ye the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel, from twenty years old and upwards, all that are able to go forth to war in Israel; number them by their armies." From this last expression, it would seem that each tribe had a military organization of its own; the object now was to form one confederated army, under one general command. The result of this military enrolment was as follows:

Of fighting men,	
Reuben,	46,500
Simeon,	59,300
Gad,	45,650
Judah,	74,600
Issachar,	54,400
Zebulun,	57,400
Joseph,	72,700
Benjamin,	35,400
Dan,	62,700
Asher,	41,500
Naphtali,	53,400
Total,	603,550

It will be seen by this enrolment, that there was a grand army of effective men amounting to 603,550, not including the tribe of Levi, which was consecrated to the service of religion.

The military division of each tribe had its prince or general; and was divided into thousands, and these into hundreds, and these into tens; and over each of these subordinate divisions was a commander, called the captain. When the camp set forward, the tribes marched according to a particular order assigned to them; and when the tents were pitched, the Tabernacle was in the centre, and each tribe took its place as specifically assigned in the order of encampment. Thus, the head-quarters were at the Tabernacle, where Jehovah himself presided; in front of it were the tents of Moses and Aaron, and on each side, and in the rear, families of the tribe of Levi attending on the service of the Tabernacle. Two thousand cubits distant from the Tabernacle to the north, were three tribes, to the west three, to the south

three, and to the east three. Thus God was in the midst of them.

Supposing each effective soldier in this grand army was the head of a family consisting of a wife and three children, then the total number of the emigrating host of Israel would be *two millions, four hundred and fourteen thousand, two hundred souls*. And this vast multitude had sprung from the family of Jacob, consisting of seventy-six souls, within the space of two hundred and fifteen years, being the period of the sojourn in Egypt.

In the second year after their departure from Egypt, they struck their tents at Mount Sinai, and in military order marched towards the Promised Land. The story of their adventures and triumphs is told in the Pentateuch. And to one who is well informed with respect to the manners and customs of the people of Arabia, even at this day so distant from the period of the story, it will appear so natural and so lifelike, as to preclude all doubt of its truth.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. S. V. R—.

BY THE REV. DR. VAN ARSDALE.

HAIL! Christian Friendship!—sent of heaven to bless,
With soothing solace e'en life's deepest woes;—
As heaven's bright sun with golden tints doth dress
The darkest clouds on which its beams repose—
So, to the heart which feels thy hallowed ray,
The night of grief is tinged with gleams of day.

Nor is thy worth felt only in our wo:
Our pleasures are more precious where thou art;—
To brightest scenes which man on earth can know,
Thou dost the hope of brighter scenes impart;
Without thee, joy has grief, and grief is doubly sad,
But with thee, grief has joy, and joy is doubly glad.

Ah, little know the irreligious throng
Whose God is wealth, or luxury, or fame—
Or who in empty fashion whirl along,
Fanning with dying breath ambition's flame,—
Little they know of Christian Friendship's power
To swell life's joys, or cheer its gloomiest hour.

What are their friendships?—grovelling self still reigns,
Though loud professions and false vows are theirs;
They share your pleasures, but they fly your pains;
Their fondest smiles are but deceitful snares,
Luring you on till sorrow dims your day,
Or some misfortune drives the herd away.

But Christian Friendship, noble and sincere,
Free from all low or base dissembling arts,
Is moved far less by smiles than sorrow's tear,

And clings most closely midst misfortune's darts;
'Tis then it flies its object's peace to guard,
It asks not praise—it seeks not earth's reward;—

Self is forgotten, and it fondly turns
To soothe or succour those it holds so dear
And oh! how warmly—tenderly it yearns
The troubled soul with lasting peace to cheer,
Pointing it upward to those realms on high
Where grief ne'er comes, and raptures never die.

Each strives the other to protect from ill,
To smooth life's path which leads but to the grave—
To guard from danger—and in virtue still,
And faith and hope, the deathless soul to save;
While heart with heart in fond communion blends;—
Such are the blissful ties of Christian friends.

Dear lady, years have passed since—sad and lone,
Bereft of all my heart had held most dear,
Doomed by disease to pour my plaintive moan,
Which none who loved me once then lived to hear—
Your Christian Friendship the deep gloom dispelled,
Which long my spirit with dread power had held.

Yes, years have passed, and more may pass, and yet
While thought, or memory, or life shall last,
Thy gentle kindness I can ne'er forget—
Or cease to pray, God bless thee for the past;
God bless thee and all thine,—and when life ends,
God grant that we in heaven may still be friends.

A YEAR AT AMBLESIDE.

AUGUST.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE season has arrived when our district is in its richest beauty; but when it yields the least pleasure to the resident gentry. The fatigue of life at the Lakes during August and September is such that all of us who can leave home go to the sea-coast, or to the Continent (when there are not revolutions in every kingdom there) or to the Isle of Man, or to play the tourist ourselves in Scotland or Ireland, or to visit family and friends. The railway is not to be blamed for our fatigues. They existed before the railway was planned. Wordsworth and his comrades,—the poets who are strangely called “the Lake School,” though they differ from each other as much as poets well can,—could have told, any time within the last quarter of a century, how strangers can intrude themselves, on the excuse of admiration of genius. As more authors have retired hither, and as the works of the veterans become better known, the nuisance increases: but it is an old grievance. People who call themselves gentry prowl about the residences of celebrated persons who live here for the sake of quietness, waylay the servants to ask half a hundred questions about the habits of the household, ring at the bell to petition for autographs, stare in at the windows, take possession of the gardens, thrust themselves into the house with complimentary speeches; and there is seldom a season when some of them do not send to a newspaper, or to a correspondent who ventures upon putting it into a newspaper, an account of all they see and hear, and sometimes that which they have merely imagined. About the end of July, therefore, family after family of residents departs. Some let their houses; and those who remain at home may thus enjoy pleasant intercourse with intelligent strangers. In other cases, shutters are closed, and garden gates are locked; or the bustle of white-washing and cleaning may be seen going on, during the absence of the family. Those are the days in which such of us as remain at home love and cherish the early morning hours, as the only opportunity for a quiet walk. At the earliest hour, one can never be sure of not seeing a party on the terrace, or in the field, staring up at one’s window: but, once beyond one’s own gate, the roads and meadows are clear

enough for pleasure till eight o’clock. So early as that, we meet jaded horses and a sleepy postilion coming from Patterdale or from Keswick—tired already because they can get no sufficient rest, night or day, during these two months. Sleek as horse and man are in spring, they look sadly harassed and reduced before October. So early as this, the little market-place is full of bustle, with omnibus and coach setting off; and the rubbing down of every horse in the stables is going on within sight,—that nobles and gentry may pursue their journey after breakfast. The poor cooks at the inns are half crazy with hurry and heat, and fatigue. Travellers were arriving till midnight, wanting supper: and other travellers,—pedestrians, and those who go by the early coaches,—have been served with hot breakfasts since five o’clock. All the day, and half the night, is broiling and stewing, and roasting and boiling going on, though the hottest season of the year. Well may the wages given to these cooks be the amazement and ambition of younger functionaries in private houses, whose business is done when they have sent up three meals in a day, and who have the cool of the evening to themselves. Every bed in the town is yielding up its occupant, and no one could believe how many beds are supplied in so small a place. In one season, when I let my house to the Dean of L—, and he had good rest in its best room, the Bishop of L— was actually compelled to sleep on a mattress laid on the floor at the chief inn. Since that, some of the residents have done what I do not like to think of. After having given up their beds to travellers, and slept in sheds, they next gave up the sheds, and slept under trees. The nights were warm and clear when they did that: but ours is no climate for such a risk as this; and I hope it will not happen again. This was after the European revolutions, which closed the continent to all but adventurous English travellers.

The meadows are the place for early walks at this season. There is no dust there. Strangers do not know the intricacies of the knolls, or how to find the little falls or windings of the streams. The drawback about the walk is that one must return by the market-place;—

must slip into the town by the back way (a pleasant way enough), and pop in at the butcher's to bespeak his mercy,—to remind him of one's constant custom throughout the year, and ask if it is not hard that now, when we want to be hospitable, and when we believe we have provided a dinner,—sufficient, however, homely—we should find ourselves without enough to go round. We were promised a fine piece of sirloin; there comes a piece of two ribs. We had engaged a leg of mutton: there comes up little more than a shank. We had bespoken a goodly dish of trout: we are allowed only two. About the fish, the butcher smiles. He has nothing to do with that. About the meat, he looks grave. He is very sorry: but what can he do? He can only parcel out his resources as fairly as he can, and try to be sufficiently provided next year. He assures me that he has no comfort of his life at present. People cut him up as he has to cut up his meat. He must say he wishes the residents had some resources of their own to rely on at this season: and he tells me that at a certain country inn, three miles off, five dozen fowls per day are killed and eaten. And this reminds me of what Lady R. told me of her method of proceeding, when called on to receive eighty-four chance strangers in the course of three months,—to give them more or less entertainment in her secluded valley. Bacon and eggs, eggs and bacon,—this is what she relies on, if butcher and fish-cart fail. Her guests,—be they nephews and nieces, or bishops and countesses, must make up their minds to bacon and eggs, if they come to the Lakes. So I promise the butcher to think of keeping pigs and fowls to an extent which may relieve him of my demands at this season. A neighbour of mine was wishing, the other day, that we could get the Queen here, and lead her among the dales;—put her and her husband on ponies, and feed them on bacon and eggs. No luxury but trout from the streams: no triumphal arches, no attending magistracy, no bands of music; but instead of these, the rainbows which span the waterfalls, the wild goats on the fells, and the gush of waters hurrying down from the tarns above to the meadows and lakes below. We have no doubt she would like it; for she has something of a mountaineer spirit, and loves to spend a night in a hut (as it is called) of her own among the Scottish wilds.

The mention of this to nephew and niece at breakfast sets us longing for the coolness and stillness of a mountain town. We declare that, one of these days, we will go into hiding in Easedale, and leave the strangers to prowl about here, and do without us as they may. "Some day," says one. "What day will

that be?" "Any day but this," we agree. "We must be industrious all the morning." No such thing, as it happens. Looking out, we see the clouds of dust and the whirl of carriages on the road. We see blue and pink muslin gowns and summer bonnets moving about in the meadows: and the telescope discloses three sketching parties within view. Of all these people, some will certainly be coming here. We shall be balked of our industry if we stay at home. Let us be off into hiding!

F. runs down to the inns, to try for a car to carry us four miles, to Grasmere church; or perhaps five, to the brink of the meadows, while S. and I dress in light walking trim, fill the flask with the whiskey which is appropriate to tarn expeditions; order the hard eggs and beef sandwiches, and send to the gardener's for fruit.

The car is obtained; and before an hour is over, we have passed Grasmere church, and left the dusty road, and are within the sound of the brawling stream which comes down from the tarn. At that stream, we dismiss the car; and in a moment we seem to have stepped back into June, with its milder warmth, and its quietness, and even its hay-making. What a contrast is life here and where we were but an hour ago! The few people who are making hay on these levels,—these perfect levels between abrupt mountain sides,—live in yonder farm-house,—that secluded place, niched in among stone fences, canopied over with massy sycamores: and for many weeks together, they see no face but those of the household; and their monotonous lives are seldom varied but when the autumn or spring sales take place, and they cross the rampart under which they live for once to meet their fellows, and to hear the voice of mirth, and to dance to the fiddle, and to find they have social capacities.

It was from such a dwelling, in this very dale, that a farmer and his wife, not many years ago, went over into Langdale, to attend a sale. It was by that path that they went, and were to have returned. It looks an easy path, winding by the ravine; a path hard to miss, broad enough, and not very steep. So says F.: but I tell him that it is impossible to tell in August, among these mountains, what any place on them would be like in snow. The children sat up long that night,—the elder ones. They,—the elder ones,—were too young to be duly apprehensive. They saw the snow falling all the afternoon: when they looked out in the evening, they found a heavy drift at the door: so heavy a one, that the eldest girl laid the baby in the cradle, and set to work to get in fuel, lest the wood-house should soon be blocked up. When at last she lay down to

rest, she had no fear. It was too late for her parents to return that night: but perhaps they had remained in Langdale. Those who live secluded, in a position of danger or inconvenience from climate, become patient to a point of apathy. A whole family of men and boys will sit round the fire in bad weather, without employment or ideas,—without fret or worry,—waiting till the weather mends. Just so these children stayed within, waiting for their parents' return, till they were so hungry and so cold, that something must be done. I think they had food and fuel on which they held on for two days. Then, a boy was sent,—and it was some good way,—to the nearest house. A stir was made at once. The women went and fed and warmed the children; and the men ran round to summon other dalesmen, and all turned out upon the mountain. They followed the track into Langdale,—found that the farmer and his wife had set off in good time on their return, on the same day, refusing to spend the night in Langdale, because the children would not know what to do without them. Back turned the searchers, with heavy hearts: for now they knew what to expect. The snow was partly melted; but some tracks were found—lost—and found again. At one point, the snow was so trampled, that it was thought some doubt or difficulty had occurred here; and somewhere near, then, might the missing ones be looked for. But darkness came on before either man or dog had made any discovery. At daylight, the search was renewed; and at last, the barking of a dog brought the searchers to a spot where the woman's body lay at the foot of a precipice not more than fourteen feet high. Her skull was fractured. At a little distance, quite away from the track, lay the man, dead from mere cold, to all appearance. It was thought that they had separated a little, to explore; and that the woman was returning to her husband,—probably guided by his voice, when the precipice, lying between, proved a trap, in which she perished. The funeral was attended by the whole population of the neighbouring dales; and the people's hearts were so touched that they took the children home. But not the less do they attend the sales, and yield to the temptation of a dance, in all weathers, and under heavy risks. The social faculties will not be denied.

And it is well that they will not. In my opinion, there is no comparison between the family of a dalesman who lives too high up the fells for intercourse with his kind and that of a farmer under the sycamores in the levels below. In the last case, you may meet some strange whimsies. You may see in a rude chamber, where the planks of the floor are gaping and there is no ceiling,—only the dark

rafters,—a muslin frock hung up, trimmed with lace and satin ribands, and stuck over with atrocious artificial flowers, red and blue, with a morsel of tinsel in the centre of each bunch: and you may hear a girl of such a family talking eagerly on her way to church on Sunday (as we did) about whether Charles B. admired her most in her diamonds or her emeralds. You may see much time spent in learning to dance of an itinerant master; and you may hear of sad follies and errors which ensue from the merry-makings at the sale or in the barn: but, I think, if you have ever been high up, in the most secluded of the mountain hollows, you will think the blank ignorance and apathy there the worst of all. The man leaves home now and then: and, even if he gets drunk, three times a year or so, he hears people speak, and receives ideas. His wife has become scarcely able to speak. You could with difficulty understand her; and her gestures and voice are savage and almost alarming. Her son carries his feet as if they were made of lead. If a traveller appears, the lad stares with round eyes and open mouth; and when he resumes his work, looks as if the aim of his life had been to learn to be slow. In the old days, there was occasionally a wolf to hunt; an eagle to circumvent, and bereave of its young: and many a Border war to which the dalesmen were summoned, for a foray or a campaign. Now, there is nothing:—only to keep a few sheep, and to grow a few oats; to eat the meal, and then grow oats again. It is surprising that the cleanliness of the dwellings is kept up as it is:—the more so because the people are dirty in their persons. There is, I am assured, hope of amendment in this—in the lower dales, if not in the higher mountain dwellings. Where there are families enough within reach of a common centre to furnish a dozen children or upwards, the inhabitants entertain a school-master on "whittle-gate" terms: that is, he puts in his whittle (knife) among the provisions of the family; is boarded by the farmers in turn: and we may hope that one of the lessons he will enforce will be that "cleanliness is next to godliness." He will praise the purely clean slate floor, and the white deal table, and the shining pots and pans; and then point out how little trouble it costs in comparison to keep hair and teeth clean, and to do justice to the skin, where there is a natural bath of the finest kind in the nearest rock basin and gushing stream.

Up to such a dwelling we have to go now,—and past it,—and beyond where there are any dwellings at all; beyond where even sheep are to be seen. The stream will guide us. That is the beauty of seeking a tarn. You may miss a short cut, and make a circuit:

but you cannot miss your tarn, if you follow the stream which comes from it. The broad waterfall is our object for a great part of the way;—the ledge over which the water spreads, and offers a curtain of froth and a fringe of spray which may be seen far off in all weathers. We will not go too near it, but hold the path above, where the ferns make a show of fencing us in on either hand. We are such babies as to lead the sheep after us by baaing as we go; and it is droll to see how puzzled they look, and how they stare round them, as if not quite sure that they are right. But we must leave off that now; or we may lead them astray among the heights where they may bleat in vain for shepherd or mate. How they stand gazing after us. If they are here when we return, we will escort them down again.

Now, up this heathery slope,—and over this bit of bog,—and up, up, that indistinct path yonder, and we shall enter that purple hollow where lies the tarn. Did you ever consider, F. and S.,—what tarns are for?—what special service they render? Their use is to cause such a distribution of the waters as may fertilize without inundating the lands below. After rains, if the waters all came pouring down at once, the vales would be flooded: as it is, the nearer brooks swell, and pour themselves out into the main stream, while the mountain brooks are busy in the same way above, emptying themselves into the tarns. By the time the streams in the valley are subsiding, the upper tarns are full, and begin to overflow; and now the overflow can be received in the valley without injury. That is the office of these little mountain lakes.

Now,—do you begin to feel it? Does not some breath of coolness steal out of the purple hollow? You observe what precipices gird it about: and now, at last, you see the dark gray sheet of water itself. Did you ever see

anything before which conveyed to you such an impression of stillness? Let us lie down on the grass on the brink, and see how unmoved the shadows lie. See here! look at these diamond drops, sprinkled over the herbage. Parched and hot as all is below, see how a cloud has here come down,—stooped in its course, to brighten the verdure in this recess. It seems almost a pity that no lamb followed us hither: yet how would it start at the echo of its “solemn bleat,” as Wordsworth calls it, and how it would listen for the sheep-dog’s bark, or anything that would relieve it from the depth of silence here! Can you fancy a yet more impressive retreat than this, not far from us? It is said that on the glassy surface of Bowscale tarn, round which the rocks rise darker and higher than here, no sunshine touches for four months of the year: and now and then the stars may be seen at noonday. We cannot see that here: but look, look!—that is a sort of dawn breaking on the deep gray of the water,—those converging silvery lines trembling on the surface. Do you see how it happens? The wild-drake has taken the water on the opposite shore; and this way he comes with his brood behind him. Yes—here are more dimples in the mirror,—from some restless fish or fly. And after all, we are not alone! Some one is under that mass of rock, angling. F. says it is a woman. If so, it must be F. M. It is F. M.: and now the rocks have to echo our laughter at being thus respectively frustrated in our search after solitude. But our friend has caught fish enough for one day; and now she must sit down to dinner with us, and help us to pity the Ambleside people, who would be glad enough of such a seat as ours, amidst dews and shadows, and fresh waters, and not a sound but of our own voices.

AGNES' VESPERS;

OR, A SONG OF THE TWILIGHT.

BY E. FOXTON.

“Morning oped,
And evening fell, sweeter because a day,
A night, had flown to reunite us.”

HILLHOUSE.

I.

“As wheels the world, as flies the day,
They bear thy little life away!”
So saith the sage, nor seems to see,
They bear me to my life, to THEE!

II.

Cool evening’s shadows sweetly fall,
And sweetly to my thought recall
The night, with calmer slumbers blest,
To lay me on my Father’s breast.

III.

The morning o’er the glorious earth
Leads light, and song, and gladness forth;
When shall the morn of endless bliss
Awake me with a Father’s kiss!

IV.

Ye moments, ask no breathing space!
Time, whirl me through my bounded race!
Keep pace, dear Virtue, on the road,
With them and me, to meet my God!

THE DISCOVERY, OR PLOTS AND COUNTER-PLOTS.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

(See Engraving.)

KATE CARLETON was something of a coquette, and her lover, Frank Ingleby, very jealous, which, of course, he had no good reason to be, for he knew perfectly well that there was no one so dear to the heart of Kate as he was himself, and that although she walked with one, rode with a second, danced with a third, and chatted like a little magpie with all the beaux of the village, yet, after all, when her eye met his, it was with a loving glance—such as she bestowed on no one else—and with a smile reserved for him alone. No, he had no right to be jealous; but as he was so, he should have kept it to himself, and not been continually upbraiding poor Kate, until he had the cruel satisfaction of bringing tears into those beautiful eyes. For, to do her justice, she had no intention of being a coquette. She was a sprightly, good-tempered little soul, and it was as natural for her to do all she could to make people happy around her, as it is for a bird to sing in the spring-time. Yet sometimes when she least expected it, when, in the innocence of her heart, she was laughing and chatting with careless freedom, to make the moments pass pleasantly, to some chance visiter from village beau-dom—she would, all of a sudden, find Frank's eyes darting anger and reproach into her very heart. And then there was always sure to be a scene, as the French say. Frank would upbraid—Kate would smile sweetly, and try to reason—the idea of such a thing, reason with a jealous man—well Kate was young! Then Frank would work himself quite into a passion, and call her a flirt—at which Kate would pout, while her little foot beat time to the throbbings of her heart—still Frank would persist in his reproaches, and then Kate would begin to weep, which was sure to bring Frank plump down on his knees! Ah, now it was Kate's turn to rule! sitting up so dignified, with her little head turned scornfully on one side, while Frank begged like a sinner, as he was, for forgiveness. No—she would not forgive him—not she indeed—he was very cruel—of all things she despised jealousy—she had given him no reason to say what he had! And Frank confessed it, and

swore he would never be so unjust again, if she would only forgive him this once—just this once. But no; Kate declared she would never, never, nev—. Ah did you hear that? it was only the adverb cut in two by two lips!

It was one of those beautiful evenings which seem made for lovers only, that Frank and Kate were strolling through the vine-trellised portico surrounding the pleasant little cottage of Mr. Carleton. It was in the rosy month of June, and the fragrance of sweet blossoms seemed floating on the gentle evening breeze, and on the rippling stream which ran softly murmuring at the foot of the terrace. The stars looked out brightly from their azure depths. Mars cast his most beaming smile upon the gentle Venus, and all the little stars twinkled their bright eyes roguishly. As for the moon, she was too busy in her own *reflections*, to heed the wooing of celestial or terrestrial lovers.

Kate, looking up very bewitchingly in the face of Frank, said:

“Now promise me, Frank, that when we are married, you will never be jealous again; for you must know that this unfortunate infirmity of yours sometimes makes me fear for our future happiness.”

“No, my sweet girl, I cannot doubt you then;” exclaimed Frank; “you will be my own, my own dear wife, Kate, and never again, I promise you, shall my foolish jealousy cause you regret.”

“Ah, it is so mean to be jealous, now is it not, Frank? it is so unworthy a generous heart; it betrays such a want of confidence in the one you love! Really, Frank, I have been more than once tempted to resign you to some one whom you could put more faith in.”

The stars winked at this.

“Why, Kate, dear Kate, is it possible! and yet you have borne my folly so like an angel. I should be a wretch indeed if I ever doubted you again!” cried Frank.

“If I did not believe you—if I thought that after we were married, Frank, you would still conjure up your jealous fears, I should be perfectly wretched!” and the tears stood in the

fine eyes of Kate as she spoke, which, that they might not be lost, Frank prudently kissed away.

Earth, air, and sky, united to bless the bridal day; and on a bright beautiful morning, when the leaves danced to the merry song of the birds, Frank and Kate were married, and bidding adieu to the dear old family roof-tree, took up their abode in a pretty little cottage, nestling like a dove-cot,

"Down in a dale,
Far from resort of people,"

and all hemmed in by shady trees,

"In which the birds sang many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves' teen,
As if an earthly Paradise had been."

Ah, what harmony within the dove-cot! What peace! what felicity! Had Frank a hundred eyes he would have failed to discover any fault in Kate, and not all the microscopes in the world could have betrayed a single flaw in Frank. And then such perfect unanimity of opinion. Why, if, like Petruchio, Frank had declared the sun to be the moon, Kate, though not the vixen Kate of Padua, would have sworn the same. They "discoursed sweet music," too, for Kate sang like an angel; and if ever angel played the flute, then Frank had certainly got the knack of it, and although music is said to be the food of love, our happy pair pretended to till a little garden where less ethereal viands might be found; the little flower plat, Kate took under her more especial care, but its roses were no brighter than her cheeks, nor the violet bluer than her eyes.

Now, in the second honeymoon there came a letter to Kate from a young friend and schoolmate, announcing her intention of passing a few weeks with the new married pair. Kate really loved Sue, that is, she spared her just as much as she could from Frank, you know, yet she almost dreaded the interruption to the charmed life she was leading; and as for Frank, he was so much disturbed at the idea of a third party in love's tête-à-tête, that he was ungallant enough to consign this young lady over to a certain gentleman unmentionable.

In due time, Susan May arrived, the very personification of fun and mischief; a round, merry face, large black eyes, which seemed to have caught their inspiration from the goddess of Mirth herself, red, pouting lips, and a little nose—ah! excuse me—the nose, to be sure, is a very striking feature, but has never been immortalized by the poet, I believe; and, therefore, I will only say of Sue's nose that it

turned up a little, just a very little, and seemed a very arch, knowing nose.

Frank and Kate received their visiter as if they were truly delighted to see her, and really undertook to be very agreeable. As she was a stranger, of course it was incumbent upon them to invite other guests into their dove-cot solely for her amusement, and to say the truth, Susan would else soon have tired of the cooing of these tender pigeons.

And now a little cloud, a mere speck, "no bigger than a man's hand," arose on Love's horizon. Kate was just as bewitching as ever to her old admirers; it seemed so natural to hear her sweet voice again in the songs she used to sing them, so pleasant to hear her merry ringing laugh, that all paid her the tribute of their gratitude for thus reviving old associations, by bringing her books, flowers, or music, and then, as Susan's captivating charms, and her versatile powers of pleasing broke more fully upon them, it followed that the little cottage became quite a scene of gaiety, and Kate, never once dreaming that she was arousing the "green-eyed monster," whose approach she had so much dreaded, welcomed and entertained their several guests with her usual sprightly tone and artless manners, yet always happier when she could steal a few moments alone with Frank.

She was one evening singing a merry little song, in which Sue and several of the company joined the chorus, and quite a little knot of listeners were gathered about the piano. Kate played and sang with more than her usual spirit, and as the theme of the song was the misery of a bachelor's life, she archly addressed it, with her laughing eye, and a nod of her head to one of the gentlemen present. A general laugh marked the applause of her well-aimed jest. Kate sprang up gaily; as she did so, she saw Frank leaning moodily against the mantel-piece, and ah! *the plague-spot was on his brow!*

Poor Kate, she saw it at a glance, and the tears came flooding up from her innocent heart.

"We have been so happy—but it is all over now!" she mentally exclaimed with a deep-drawn sigh, then quickly forcing a smile, she joined Frank, and linking her arm within his, tried to win him to himself again.

Frank had something in his throat to say to Kate the next morning before he went out; he had been trying for a long time to utter it, but he could only *hem*, and choke, like a frog with the whooping-cough. At last, with a desperate effort:

"I really think, Kate, that for a married woman, you indulge in a little too much levity; I wish you would be more dignified."

Kate had not once thought about the dignity

of a married woman of eighteen! therefore the heinousness of this oversight struck her so forcibly that she burst into a merry laugh, at which Frank slammed the door, and then Kate's mood changed to weeping.

"Why Kate, dear, what is the matter with you?" cried Sue, suddenly entering the room, "are you sick? have you heard bad news?"

"Oh, no—nothing—nothing of any consequence!" sobbed Kate.

"And you crying so! I don't believe you; what is it, Kate, do tell me?"

But Kate was a jewel of a little wife, and would not expose her husband's folly; however, Sue's great black eyes weren't made for nothing, and they looked directly into the business.

"Um! these men! Well, now, I should like to pull Frank's ears, breaking the heart of such a dear little soul as Kate!" thought Sue.

Well, it was a pity, but Frank adored his little wife to such a degree, that no sooner did he hear the creaking of a pair of boots, or see a gentleman's hat in the hall, than the enemy returned in full force.

Not so prudent as Kate, however, Frank confided his troubles to his friend Fred Starr.

"Now, I believe on my soul, Frank, you are wrong," said Fred, after listening patiently to the detail of his friend's grievances; "nay, I know you are."

"I will not deny that Kate loves me," returned Frank, "but not as I want to be loved. I would have her smile only on me—think only of me!"

"Nonsense, Frank! I am sure you must make yourself perfectly ridiculous to your wife; you are taking the very measures to bring about what you so much dread. Kate has no fears for your love, I'll be bound; perhaps it would be well if she had."

"What do you mean, Fred?"

"Why that it would be very well if you paid your court to some other fair lady, and not be for ever following your wife round as you do—this might, in turn, excite her jealousy, and draw her more exclusively to yourself."

"Ah, a capital idea, Fred; thank you for the suggestion—but with whom shall I commence my flirtations—let me see—suppose I begin with that witch, Sue?"

"No, Frank—some other lady if you please."

"Ah—ha! you are caught in love's net then, are you Fred?"

"Fact, Frank! but I tell you what, if I ever do win Sue, I will give her leave to paint me black as Othello, if I ever make myself so perfectly ridiculous as you do, Frank! There is my sister Annette, she is just the one for you; and poor little innocent soul, she will never

suspect she is in league against the most charming woman in the world, save one."

"I am going out this evening, Kate," said Frank carelessly as he rose from the tea-table.

That was something new, to be sure.

"Are you, Frank? where?" asked Kate, looking up in some surprise.

"I have promised Annette Starr I would bring over my flute and play some duets with her; she is a splendid singer."

"Dear Frank, I would go with you, only you know I cannot leave Sue," said Kate, following him to the door, and putting up her rosy little mouth for a kiss.

"O, it is of no consequence—no consequence at all—don't sit up for me, I may be late," and away swaggered Frank, with the air of one who has done a good thing.

Kate looked after him a moment, opened her beautiful blue eyes in some wonder, and then joined Sue in a stroll through the garden.

The next morning as Frank, took up his hat to go out, Kate said:

"By the way, dear Frank, shall you be at leisure about ten o'clock? we want you to take a ride with us."

"Thank you," he answered, twirling his whiskers with a most provoking air; "I am going to ride with Annette—Miss Starr, I mean."

Kate's colour rose, but she answered with her usual pleasant smile.

"Are you? well, then, we will defer our drive until after tea."

"O, go this morning, by all means, girls, for I shall probably take tea at Mr. Starr's—good-bye."

Kate stooped down, and began to pull the dead leaves from the sweetbrier, but Sue saw large round drops like dew glittering upon them as she cast them to the winds:

"Well, Kate is an angel," thought Sue, "and Frank is——" She did not say what, but she shook her little white hand with an air of defiance at the retreating form of that redoubtable husband.

As for poor Kate, she could not tell what was the matter with her; she never felt so miserable in her life before. Sue rattled on, and Kate tried to join her, but her heart was heavy, and in spite of all she could do, the tears would come. Sue took no notice apparently; and, finally, hoping to beguile her thoughts, began reading aloud.

They were soon interrupted, however, by the sound of horses' feet cantering up the avenue, and voices in gay conversation, and the next moment, galloping up the shady little path, came Annette Starr, on a beautiful white pony, looking most bewitching in her little

black riding-cap, with long waving plumes, and her dark-green habit displaying to so much advantage her fine graceful figure. Mounted on a noble, spirited steed, Frank rode at her side, his countenance all animation, and his fine eyes too much absorbed apparently in the charms of his companion to heed the pale face of Kate at the window above.

"Dear me, Mrs. Ingleby, how can you stay in the house such a fine morning as this?" cried Annette, snapping off the top of a beautiful rose with her riding whip as she spoke; "it is so lovely—why don't you ride?"

Kate answered in the same gay tone, and then bending still further from the window, she began to praise the beauty of the animal Frank rode.

He made her some careless reply, and at the same moment Annette said, with a merry laugh, as she turned her horse's head:

"Now, Mrs. Ingleby, you must not be jealous, and think I am running away with your husband."

"No, I am running away with you,—*allons!*" said Frank, gaily. And with a slight wave of the hand to Kate, off they galloped, the sound of their happy voices ringing through the shady grove like a knell to the heart of Kate.

Jealous! ah, that was it. Now Kate knew what ailed her. Jealous; yes, that was it. Could it be that she was really jealous of her dear Frank. Poor Kate! many bitter tears she shed silently and alone, but making no complaint, and appearing just as kind and gentle as ever to her more than half repentant husband:

"But it won't do to give it up yet—no, indeed—the game is but half won!" said Frank. And so for two weeks longer he laboured hard to make his wife miserable and himself too.

One morning Kate was found by Fred Starr sitting in the summer-house bathed in tears.

Fred knew in a moment what the matter was, and felt as if he deserved to be hung for being instrumental in causing them. He was determined to make a clean breast of it:

"Mrs. Ingleby—*ahem*—Kate!"

"Mr. Starr," exclaimed Kate, rising quickly to make her escape, and to hide her tears.

"Stop a moment—*ahem*—Mrs. Ingleby, it's only a joke."

"What is a joke? I don't understand you," answered Kate, still averting her face.

"Why Frank and—and Annette."

"Indeed I must go—indeed I must, Mr. Starr," said Kate.

"Now, I'll be hanged if you do!" answered Fred; "you must hear me, my dear Mrs. Ingleby—I tell you it is all a joke—Frank is no more in love with Annette than I am with you—excuse me—it is only to make you jeal-

ous, because the foolish dog thinks you don't love him well enough!"

"To make me jealous! ah, is it really so?" cried Kate, a smile lighting up her sweet face.

"Yes, it is really so; and I am one of the greatest rascals in the world to have connived at such a deception. There is one comfort, however; Frank has suffered as much as you have, for all he carries it off so bravely, ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing; but you must know, Mrs. Ingleby, all those evenings which he has pretended to spend with Annette, blowing the flute, have been passed in the little back room of his office, puffing cigars!"

"And the walks, and the rides?"

"All mere pretence! he has never rode with Annette but once; and, as for the walks, bless your soul, they have been confined within the range of his study!"

It was now Kate's turn to laugh, and she did, so merrily, too, that the little swallow sitting on her nest within the summer-house, put out her head to see what the matter was; and the robins, and the bluebirds, flitting about the old elm tree, joined in the laugh with a burst of bird-like glee.

Away skipped Kate into the house, and bounding into the sitting-room, where Sue sat snugly ensconced upon the sofa, enjoying her favourite author, she threw her arm around her neck, and, for the first time, spoke in her present joy of her past unhappiness, and then gaily told the discovery she had just made, of Frank's plot against her.

Sue laughed right merrily at the joke; and now, if we look upon the picture which the artist has given us of the scene, I think we can detect in her arch face as she listens to Kate, that she is already devising some counter-plot to revenge her friend. Kate, too, seems ready for any mischief, although there is a slight shadow on her lovely countenance, as if she felt somewhat grieved after all by Frank's suspicions.

At the dinner-table, Sue announced her intention of leaving her friends the next day; it was very sudden, to be sure, but something important called her away.

Frank's heart leaped with joy at this, for now Kate would be all his own again; still he managed very politely to express a thousand regrets; they should miss her exceedingly, &c.

"Yes," said Kate, looking very sorrowful, "I don't know what I shall do without you!"

"Why don't you invite Miss Starr to pass a few weeks with you?" asked Sue, as demure as a kitten; "Frank is so fond of her, too!"

"Shall I, dear Frank? I will if you say so; for it will be very pleasant to have her with us," said Kate.

"Yes," added Sue, "and you can practise your duets here, you know, just as well; why it will be delightful!"

Frank looked from one to the other, but there was such an air of naïve innocence about them, that he could not for a moment imagine that anything more was intended than met the ear.

The next morning the stage was early at the door. Kate and Sue took an affectionate leave of each other; and then, after a privileged kiss upon her tempting lips, Frank handed Sue into the stage.

"And now," said he, as it turned from the door, folding Kate to his bosom, and forgetting Annette, "now we are once more by ourselves, how happy we shall be!"

"Y-e-s, perhaps so," answered Kate, with provoking coolness; "but I shall be so lonesome; heigh-ho, I don't know what I shall do!"

Frank was angry, and, turning on his heel, walked off. Kate ran after him with a beautiful bunch of flowers.

"Here, Frank, will you give these to Annette?"

Frank muttered something in connexion with Miss Starr's name which did not sound very polite, and, unheeding Kate's request, tossed the flowers over the fence!

Frank went home to dinner with a light heart; for he had made up his mind, like a sensible man, to confess his folly to Kate, and vow, as he had done a hundred times, never to indulge in jealousy again. As he sprang up the portico, he was surprised to hear the voice of Kate, laughing, and chatting gaily.

"Now I wonder what company Kate has got!" and Frank walked leisurely through the hall, keeping his eye on the half-open door of the parlour, to ascertain that question. Ah! it was no wonder that the blood flew up into his temples, for, there on the sofa, just think of it, on the sofa, with his arm around Kate's waist, and one hand playing with her long, glossy ringlets, sat a very handsome young gentleman!

"Frank, is that you? Won't you come in?" cried Kate.

And then, as Frank rather awkwardly made his entrance, she exclaimed, "Cousin Harry Lover, Frank; my husband, Harry."

The young gentleman shook the unwilling hand of Frank very cordially, vowed he was particularly glad to see him, said several very pert, coxcombical things, twirled a very fine pair of whiskers, and glanced at the mirror with a very self-satisfied air.

"Never was there anything so fortunate, Frank; I was thinking how very lonesome I

should be, when who should arrive but dear Cousin Harry!" and saying this, Kate looked so tenderly upon the youth at her side, as made Frank jump up from his chair and bounce out of the room!

At the dinner-table poor Frank was but a secondary object. All Kate's attentions were given to Cousin Harry, who seemed to take it quite coolly, as a matter of course.

"You used to like this dish, Harry," or "Pray, dear cousin, let me send you this," or "Do, Harry, taste this jam—it is my own make; do, Harry!"

And Cousin Harry made himself perfectly at home, called Frank "Ingleby," and then, as soon as they rose from the dessert, twirled Kate round and round into the parlour, and opening the piano, begged her to sing one of their old songs. So Kate, putting on a very sentimental face, sang, "I never loved but thee!"

"Um, this is really pretty doings!" exclaimed Frank aloud, and rising to leave the room.

"O stop a moment, Frank, will you?" cried Kate, looking over one shoulder; "I want to ask you if you have any objection to taking tea with Annette, Miss Starr I mean, for I have promised Cousin Harry I will take a ride with him. It will be such a fine moonlight, we may be late; don't sit up for me, Frank!"

Two or three days passed on. Frank was miserable at home, and could not endure to stay there, so much was he annoyed by Cousin Harry; he was miserable at his office, and could not endure to stay there either; for still Cousin Harry haunted his thoughts. Kate, meanwhile, seemed perfectly happy; she walked, rode, sang, and flirted with Cousin Harry, and, in short, made him the oracle of all her plans.

Frank thought he was, without exception, the most consummate fop he had ever met with; such an off-hand, easy air of impudence; why, hang the fellow—Frank was provoked beyond all patience, and one day took the liberty of expressing his opinion pretty freely to Kate—but she only laughed, and said:

"Now pray, dear Frank, don't be jealous of Harry, he is such a good fellow!"

"Ingleby, come play us something," said Cousin Harry, one evening taking up Frank's flute.

But Frank rather ungraciously refused.

"Ah do, Frank," interposed Kate. "He is a most delightful player I do assure you, Harry; why there is Miss Starr now thinks she can scarcely get along with her music unless she has Frank's flute accompaniment. Come, Frank, do play a waltz."

Thus urged, Frank received the flute from

the hands of Harry, and, as Kate requested, struck up a waltz. The next moment the cousins were sweeping around the room in graceful measure, and the next, down went the flute, and up jumped Frank, leaving Cousin Harry and Kate alone.

The next morning, as Kate rose from the breakfast-table, Frank saw a small folded paper drop from her lap upon the carpet, and although he felt it was very mean, he slyly picked it up, and put it in his pocket. He sauntered leisurely into the garden, and there, free from observation, untwisted the little slip of paper. Alas, poor Frank! What were his feelings when he read these lines!

"I love thee still, my darling Kate!
Shall love thee, dearest, ever;
Not e'en the stern decree of Fate
Our hearts, dear Kate, can sever!
And tho' another claims thy hand,
Thy love, sweet Kate, is mine,
Blessed"

The remainder of the verse was torn off—but no matter—Frank had read enough—too much.

Poor Frank!

With a very grave air he walked back into the breakfast room, and addressing Kate said:

"Mrs. Ingleby, I wish to speak with you in private."

"O, don't mind me, Ingleby; Kate and I have no secrets," said the little coxcomb.

"What is it, Frank?" cried Kate.

"I have requested a private conference, Mrs. Ingleby; will you follow me to the library?"

"Take care of yourself, Harry; I will soon be back;" and skipping lightly from the room, Kate followed her husband to the library, where, throwing herself carelessly into a large comfortable arm-chair, asked Frank what he had to say?

"Catharine," (he never called her Catharine before in his life, and Kate almost started, it sounded so strange,) "Catharine, this cousin of yours, this Harry Lover, must leave the house this very day!"

"Leave the house—what do you mean, Frank?" cried Kate, in astonishment.

"Exactly as I say; I cannot put up with his presence here any longer; and, as my wife, Catharine, I think the license you give this young gentleman, even though he may be your cousin, far exceeds my ideas of propriety!"

"How strange you talk, Frank; why Harry is the most inoffensive person in the world!"

"Yes, I should think he was!" retorted Frank, snappishly.

"And I don't know that you have any right to turn him out of doors as it were, poor fellow!" added Kate.

"I have a right, and I shall use it, too!"

said Frank. "Has he not destroyed all our domestic happiness?"

"You talk very strangely—I am sure I have not been so happy since we were first married—ah, those were happy days, Frank!" Frank winced at this. "No, I have not been so happy since we were married," continued Kate, "as I have since Cousin Harry arrived here; for you know after Sue came I did not see much of you, you were so much with Miss Starr; and I am sure I don't blame you either, she is so beautiful, and has such a fine voice—"

"Kate, she is not half so beautiful as you are, and her singing cannot be compared to yours!" interrupted Frank.

"Why you really surprise me; I thought you were quite in love with her!"

"No, no, Kate, I have never loved any one but you; no one was ever beautiful in my eyes but you!" and then, forgetting all his own grievances, Frank pressed his wife to his heart, and confessed the motives of his attention to Annette.

"O, Frank, how could you?" cried Kate.

"It was very cruel, I know, my dear Kate, and you bore it like such an angel! And then, after Susan went away, I meant to tell you all; but then came this Cousin Harry, and—"

"And you were jealous of him? fie, Frank!"

"Kate, I have reason to be so; but I will not reproach you, for I feel I have myself been in error; but, Kate, he must go!"

"And then you don't really like Annette, after all?"

"No, dear Kate! Say, then, will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Frank; for I love you better than all the world!"

"And will you send your Cousin Harry away?"

"Ye-es, poor fellow! and yet I cannot be so cruel; you must, Frank, only be gentle, be polite; don't hurt his feelings!"

"His feelings! he has none, coxcomb!" exclaimed Frank, beginning to get angry again; "I will soon get rid of him; where is he, Kate?"

"In my dressing-room, I dare say," answered Kate; "he is there most all the time; but now be civil, won't you, dear Frank? Poor Harry, don't wound his feelings!"

The probable whereabouts of the young gentleman, did not tend to lessen Frank's indignation; and it was with a slow, determined step, that he passed up the stairs, and threw open the door of Kate's dressing-room; and there—could he believe his eyes—there sat Susan May, with that same arch, saucy smile! while thrown over the back of the lounge, was the identical frock-coat; yonder stood the well-

polished boots, and here the sleek beaver of—
Cousin Harry!

Frank was speechless with amazement; while Sue, springing up, and placing the hat jauntingly on one side of her clustering black curls, cried,

"Eh, Ingleby, what's the matter, man?"

At this moment a little white arm encircled his neck, and the smiling eyes of Kate looked up roguishly into his face.

"Ah, Frank, never again attempt to outwit a woman!"

TO A FRIEND.

BY MISS E. BOGART.

If thou hast ever loved me,
Oh, why not love me yet?
I know not what has moved thee,
Past friendship to forget!
No cause to thee I've given,
By coldness, slight, or wrong,
That thus the chain be riven,
Which bound our hearts so long.

The silence which is stealing
Between us, should not be—
Far better, the revealing
Of thought, unchecked and free.
I adjure thee by the treasures
In the spirit's chambers stored,
To recall again the pleasures,
That would brighten at a word.

By each remembered token
Of affection in the past,
By the words of love once spoken,
And gone forth upon the blast;
By the forest and the mountain,
Where we together roved,
I know there is a fountain
In thy heart, which may be moved.

By all the summer flowers
Which sprung beneath our feet,
By all the happy hours
Which sped on wings so fleet,
By the chill winds of December,
And the fragrant breath of May,
I entreat thee to remember
The seasons passed away.

By autumn's brilliant painting
In the woodland and the vale,
By the wind-harp's music, fainting
With Boreas' dying wail,
By scenes I cannot number,
Of nature, and of art,
I wake thee from the slumber
That lies upon thy heart.

By the rocks, and by the river,
Where we were wont to stroll,
By our thanks to the great Giver
Of sentiment and soul,
By all our former kindness
In the halcyon years of yore,
Oh, let us not in blindness
Be severed evermore!

By the sailing mists at morning,
And the gorgeous clouds at eve,
The sunset sky adorning,
Thy truth I would believe.
By all that we would cherish
Of the beautiful and fair,
Let not our first love perish,
Like a leaf upon the air!

If thou hast ever loved me,
Turn not thy heart away,
Until thou well hast proved me,
Whate'er the world may say.
The links are not all broken
In friendship's golden chain;
Then, by each valued token,
I call thee back again.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY MRS. E. S. SWIFT.

ONE bleak night in drear December,
When upon the howling blast,
Snow-flakes fluttered wild and fast;
Ah, I well its gloom remember.

I was sitting all alone,
In my warm and quiet room,
Filled with light and sweet perfume,
List'ning to the wind's loud moan.

On my table, just unfolding,
A fair rosebud caught mine eye,
And with many a heavy sigh,
Late I sat its bloom beholding.

And my heart was sadly dreaming
Of a time—long passed away—
Of a balmy first of May,
And a dark eye fondly beaming.

When a rustling, like a pinion
Softly waving, made me start;
By my side, with bow and dart,
Stood a pretty, smiling minion.

His sweet face, like sunbeams dancing,
Thrilled me with a strange surprise,
And I tried to shun the eyes,
That I knew were soul-entrancing.

Laughing like clear drops of water,
Plashing from the fountain's brink,
"Ah!" he murmured, "do you shrink,
From my presence, Earth's sad daughter?"

"Memory in her urn is bringing
Those dead hours we both have known,
When, close folded to mine own,
Two young hearts were wildly clinging.

"Never more canst thou dis sever
Love's deep influence from thy life;
Cease then the unequal strife;
Mine thou art, and mine for ever!"

"Hush!" I cried, with terror screaming,
Springing quickly from my chair;
When—the truth I must declare,—
I found out I had been dreaming!

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DRESS.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

A YEAR or two ago, Blackwood, that "nest of spicery," gave us a series of brilliant papers on the *Æsthetics of Dress*, replete with such valuable practical hints, that the *bon ton* should have given the writer a statue, draped on his own principles of taste and fitness; not classic, perhaps, but deserving to become so. We considered him, at the time, a public benefactor, and hoped to see the truths he rendered so obvious make their due impression on our beaux and belles, "well-preserved" bachelors, and ladies of a certain age; guarding them against some of the nameless but hideous errors which disguise beauty and render ugliness conspicuous. The application has not been as general as we could have desired. We still see triple skirts on squab-figures; blush-roses on three-score; scarlet flowers neighbouring flaxen ringlets, and huge shawls enveloping forms which, under the most favourable circumstances, would remind one but too surely of Salmagundi's comparison of "a bed and bolsters rolled up in a suit of curtains." If we had our will, those papers would be republished in pamphlet form, and scattered all over the land, that our nascent gentility might be trained in the growing. Dress may still be considered in a state of nature with us. Not that it is original or inventive; far from these! but running wild, in the direction of expense; as the pumpkin-vine darts out its disproportioned arms towards the brook, which will do nothing for it, after all, since it cannot nourish its roots.

This beneficent Blackwoodian having said all that could be said of dress as a concern of the eyes merely, we propose, in our sober way, to take up the subject from a somewhat graver side, considering dress as having a meaning, or as being an expression of sentiment. Not to be frightfully serious, is all we can promise our youthful readers. If they should feel a tap now and then, we must say to them as the conscientious Quaker did to his wife when he was administering domestic discipline,—"Why does thee cry so? It's all for thy own good!"

Dress may serve as either a grave or a gay subject. For those who relish satire, what can afford fairer game than the blunders of some unfortunate people, who, having come into possession of plenty of money, are more guided by costliness than taste in their choice of costume? What overdoing and overlaying, what

contradiction and monotony, what frippery and furbelow, marks the trappings of such! No militia adjutant on parade, no pet fire-engine in a procession, was ever worse bedizened. Who has not seen a lady get into a dusty omnibus with her pearl-coloured skirts fluttering with flounces, her crape bonnet tremulous with flowers, her white shawl lustrous with embroidery, her wrists manacled with golden fetters and dangling lockets; her laces, her delicate gloves, her silver card-case, her glittering chains, all *point-de-vice*—and—all shocking! We pity where we are expected to admire—that is, we call by the amiable name of pity a feeling which, more severely construed, would be found to border closely on contempt. Each portion of the *tout ensemble* is beautiful; perhaps even the whole might not be offensive for some particular and private display; but for an omnibus! There is something profane in the public eye, and therefore the outdoor costume of a well-bred woman should never be such as to attract and fix it, at least in particulars, or by reason of costliness or show.

Moralizers sometimes say we should not judge of people by their dress. But we may and ought, though without transgressing the law which this wise saw is intended to imply, supposing it to mean that we are not to despise those who are not dressed richly or with elegance. It is true some good people dress badly, judged by the common standard; yet dress must be characteristic where it is the result of free choice; even the beggar may wear his rags "with a difference." The sentimental novelists, who have in general no great insight, have discovered this; virtuous poverty is, with them, always picturesque. We, however, who deal with common facts rather than with uncommon fancies, should hardly think it fair to judge the very poor by their dress. We speak only of those to whom costume is a subject of reflection and of taste. This class is quite numerous enough to afford matter for our paper.

People who live in a state of abstraction must of course be excused for sins against taste in dress. Grave and reverend professors have been known to do or leave undone strange things; the outward man suffering in proportion as the inner soared to the depths sublime of science or speculation. A recent letter-writer from Germany describes the cele-

brated Neander as going one degree beyond Dominie Sampson, in indifference to popular prejudice on this subject. And Goethe tells a good story of Gottsched, a German savant, whom he visited at Leipzig, who entered the room, when summoned to receive stranger guests, with his monstrous bald head totally uncovered; and when his servant rushed in with a great full-bottomed peruque, which was his head-gear of ceremony, dealt the unfortunate lackey a sound box on the ear for not having put it on him before he had exhibited himself in such ridiculous plight; talking all the while with the most perfect coolness and self-possession. There used to be an old scandal against literary ladies, charging them with carelessness in respect of appearance. Pope, after he quarrelled with his adored Lady Mary, was never tired of holding up her slatternly habits as the consequence of bookish propensities; but this is exploded now. Literary ladies are not easily distinguishable from other women by outward marks; and it would probably startle a gentleman to be received, as tradition says an American *bas-bleu* of the last century received a visiter of distinction—with her head tied up in brown paper and vinegar, a folio resting on her lap, and her feet immersed in hot water!

Grave occupations cannot be supposed to interfere with due attention to dress in all cases, for the clergy are the best dressed men among us; even the most dressed, if we except the small class of fledgling exquisites, whose minds the tie of a cravat is sufficient to fill. Although not bound to a particular costume, as in England, our clergy may almost be said to dress in uniform, for the black suit and the white cravat mark them unmistakeably. And the threadbare appearance that we have read of, as sometimes characterizing the less fortunate members of the profession in former days, would be a phenomenon; nobody now living ever saw a shabby suit of clerical black. One would think the whole class passed daily through the hands of those ingenious persons who advertise to make worn cloth "look equal to new." We cannot deny that there is something pleasant to us in this reminiscence of the day when a gentleman was distinguishable by his dress. The plainness, approaching even to neglect, observable in grave men of other professions, shocks our cherished prejudices. We would have the scholar look like a scholar; let him be "melancholy" if he will, so he be "gentleman-like." It is his right and duty. It is true,

A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to its house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath its care—

but there is a fitness in the "customary suit of solemn black" for the man who deals with grave matters. How should we like to see Hamlet flaunting in buff and blue; or Dr. Primrose in plaid neckcloth and corduroys?

Lockhart describes Mr. Crabbe, standing in the midst of half a dozen stalwart Highlanders at Sir Walter Scott's, the Celts in full costume, on the occasion of the King's visit to Edinburgh; the poet-clergyman, dressed in the highest style of professional decorum, with powdered head, buckles in his shoes, and whatever else was befitting one of his years and station. The Highlanders mistook the churchman for some foreign Abbé, or, as one account says, for a French dancing-master, and began to talk French to him; while he, in his turn, supposed them to be a parcel of wild and rather dangerous savages. It was only after Sir Walter entered the room and introduced his friends to each other, that they discovered themselves to be all equally peaceable British gentlemen, made strangers to each other only by being at the antipodes of dress.

It has been the well-motived attempt of some moralists to represent dress as a thing of no consequence; undeserving the attention of a rational being. But truth and nature are too strong for this compulsive pedantry of purism. Every man, woman, and child, knows that dress is a thing of consequence to the wearer; and all biographers bear testimony to the fact that it is also important to the beholder; for they never fail to describe the habitual costume of their subject where it can be ascertained, as at least one means of insight into character. Could we have pardoned Mr. Boswell if he had given us no hint of Dr. Johnson's "vest unbuttoned, and his wig awry;" his shabby snuff-coloured study suit, and the laced one which he put on when great doings were on the carpet. Or could we have believed him if he had described his hero prim and powdered, silk-stockinged, and shining-shoed? Goldsmith, with his gnawing desire to be liked, confessed the importance of dress, by going beyond his means in finery, which he imagined would help to hide his awkwardness, when he was to meet those whom he wished to please. Madame Goethe, the poet's mother, when she prepared to receive a visit of honour from Madame de Staël, arrayed herself so gorgeously in dazzling silks, with nodding plumes of two or three colours, that Bettina came near fainting with laughter; and the same Bettina, who found the good lady's desire to strike so ridiculous, has lost the respect of the world by a personal neglect far more offensive than the most mistaken efforts to please. How many descriptions of costume are to be found in Horace Walpole's acrid let-

ters! One would think his soul might once have inhabited the body of a court-milliner. And with what gusto does Pepys dwell upon his purchases of rich attire for himself and his wife—"a night-gown, a great bargain at 24s.," and "the very stuff for a cloak cost 6*l.*, and the outside of a coat 8*l.*," costume being, evidently, in his eyes, one of the great engines of human life. Novelists of all classes confess the significance of dress, when they devise expressive gowns and ornaments for their heroines, and appropriate drapery for their terrible and grotesque characters. Richardson understood this matter perfectly. In order to set Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Byron distinctly before us, every article they wore is described; colour, form, texture, and cost. Miss Burney showed her sympathy with her sex, by confessing the temptations of dress to young ladies in society. Part of Camilla Tyrold's terrible troubles, over which so many youthful tears have been shed, arose from her having been led into extravagance by the example of Mrs. Berlington, and the wiles of Mrs. Mittin, and so running her father in debt until he was thrown into jail on her account. Sir Walter Scott does not disdain to expatiate largely on the costume of his figures, and to show that to him dress was as truly part of the man or woman, as the more strictly natural and indispensable envelopings of the soul. His own dress had a suitable sturdiness, expressive of the true, manly, human side of his character; that side which had withstood the conventional temptations and delusions too potent with us all. "An old, green, shooting-jacket, with a dog-whistle at the button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service," constituted the array in which the "mighty minstrel" came limping down the gravel-walk at Abbotsford to meet Washington Irving. When he dressed for dinner, he appeared in black, as became the gentleman and the poet. Now, the broad-backed coat, the heavy shoes, and the stout stick, are shown in the hall closet at Abbotsford, sad and most characteristic memorials of one to whose gifted eye trifles were instinct with meaning.

It is somewhat to be wondered at, that a people so notably shrewd as the Society of Friends, should have set themselves deliberately at stemming a current which evidently takes its rise somewhere deep in the foundations of our being; and still more that they should have attempted to reduce the importance and seductiveness of dress by making it an object of strenuous attention. There is, however, much that is rational in a utilitarian point of view, as well as much plausibility in a religious one, in their stringent rules as to form, colour, and

expensiveness in costume. The form is intended as a protest against the silly evanescence of the fashions, which, not satisfied with changing as often as the moon, scarcely outlast the lunar rainbow. The regulated cut is that which all the world wore when the sect first assumed a distinct existence. The prevailing drab has an obvious intent, as excluding gay and attractive colours, which are apt to beguile young eyes and thoughts. The proscription of certain rich and costly materials respects the general caution against conformity to the worldly standard, which is that of cost, and also the duty of reserving our means for better objects than mere outward beautifying. It needs no argument to show the excellence of these latter reasons for plain dress; and society gives them the assurance of its approval, by making it the most frequent ground of sarcasm against the Quakers, that they indemnify themselves for plain cut and colour by wearing the most expensive fabrics,—an inconsistency too obvious for excuse. Whether this general charge be just or not, it is certain that many conscientious Friends would as soon wear scarlet gowns as silken ones, or dashing waistcoats as fine broadcloth.

One advantage of the plain or Quaker dress is that it renders neatness indispensable. What is partly dust-coloured already, becomes intolerable after it has contracted any soil; and the nature of the soft neutral tints is such, that whatever is worn with them must be pure, or it is shown up, inevitably. Lace may be yellow, and rich ribands crumpled, with small offence; but a plain cap depends for its beauty upon snowy whiteness and a perfect accuracy and primness of outline. "The very garments of a Quaker," says Charles Lamb, "seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, they show like troops of the Shining Ones." Every one is charmed with this dress in its perfection; we never hear any one say it is not beautiful, at least on young women, whose fresh faces do not need the relief of undulating laces or rich colours. The primness of the style, and the habitual or enforced placidity of the countenances of those who use it, have given occasion for charges of affectation or coquetry in the young sisters. But they may be consoled; for the imputation of trying to be charming is, in this case, only a confession that they are so.

The grace and beauty of the Quaker dress depends—as all that is lovely in outward manifestation must—upon its being a true expression of the spirit. Where it is simply formal,

it is hard and ungainly; where it is compulsory, it betrays the wearer's true tastes and wishes by unconscious deviations from the standard, and leanings towards the forbidden. Where it is worn on conviction, it is exact, and not unbecoming; but if the result of enthusiasm, it becomes classic and elegant as Roman drapery. We have seen a Friend who, without the least ostentation, refrained from wearing anything that had been dyed, preferring garments of the natural colour, as being the extreme of simplicity. The world might laugh at such a twilight-gray as this combination of soft browns produced, but the painter would have found in it something congenial to his eye, and a peculiar value in the purity with which it set off a fresh, ruddy complexion and silver hair. We remember a full-length picture of Thorwaldsen, painted in Italy, which reminded us, in its truly Quaker dress, of the undyed Friend we had seen years before. It is noticeable that sculptors have no escape from the difficulties of modern costume, except in a near approach to the simplicity of the Quaker garb. If the marble man must have a coat on, the sculptor perforce shaves off all lappels and finicalities, and comes as near a seamless garment as possible—giving unconscious testimony to the essential good taste of the followers of George Fox.

It is the compulsoriness of this dress that spoils it as an expression of taste or sentiment. If it had been left to every man's conscience whether to adopt or to reject the uniform, it

would have continued to have a meaning. As convictions deepened, indifference to worldly opinion would have become more and more evident, by the gradual disuse of worldly fashion, and conformity to the standard of denominational simplicity. But where no liberty is allowed, there can be no merit or significance of choice. The plain garb becomes not a whit more dignified than any other uniform which is worn at peril of cashiering. Thousands, whose consciences approve the tenets of the Friends, and whose taste and judgment favour extreme plainness and inexpensiveness of dress in people who profess serious aims in life, have been deterred from joining the Society by a feeling that, to renounce one's judgment in a matter so personal as dress, is practically degrading. The garb is intended as an expression of a certain religious condition, yet it is to be worn with the strictest attention to arbitrary rules, the least deviation from which subjects the wearer to the interference of his fellow-Christians! This mistake towards bondage is one great reason why, while the principles of the Quakers are daily influencing those of the world more and more, the Society, as a society, is on the decline. Religious liberty is more precious to the heart than any other; and the more sincere and ardent our desire to withstand the bad example of worldly people, the less should we be disposed to adopt any fixed outward symbol which might express a greater degree of renunciation than we had been able to reach.

REQUIEM.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

To what bright world afar dost thou belong,
Thou whose pure soul seemed not of mortal birth?
From what fair realm of flowers, and love, and song,
Cam'st thou a star-beam to our shadowed earth?
What hadst thou done, sweet spirit! in that sphere,
That thou wert banished here?

Here, where our blossoms early fade and die,
When autumn frosts despoil our loveliest bowers;
Where song goes up to heaven, an anguished cry
From wounded hearts, like perfume from crushed
flowers;
Where Love despairing waits, and weeps in vain
His Psyche to regain.

Thou cam'st not unattended on thy way;
Spirits of beauty, grace, and joy, and love
Were with thee, ever bearing each some ray
Of the far home that thou hadst left above,
And ever at thy side, upon our sight
Gleamed forth their wings of light.

We heard their voices in the gushing song
That rose like incense from thy burning heart;
We saw the footsteps of the shining throng
Glancing upon thy pathway high, apart,
When in thy radiance thou didst walk the earth,
Thou child of glorious birth.

But the way lengthened, and the song grew sad,
Breathing such tones as find no echo here;
Aspiring, soaring, but no longer glad.
Its mournful music fell upon the ear;
'Twas the home-sickness of a soul that sighs
For its own native skies.

Then he that to earth's children comes at last,
The angel-messenger, white-robed and pale,
Upon thy soul his sweet oblivion cast,
And bore thee gently through the shadowy vale,—
The fleeting years of thy brief exile o'er,—
Home to the blissful shore.

ACADEMY FOR INSTRUCTION IN THE USE OF THE FAN.

(See Engraving.)

THE design of the spirited engraving in the front of the present number is to illustrate a curious and amusing paper in the Spectator, No. 102. It is one of the papers contributed by Addison himself, and is in the form of a letter addressed to the Spectator. We cannot explain the subject better than in the words of the original.

"MR. SPECTATOR:—Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:

"Handle your fans,
Unfurl your fans,
Discharge your fans,
Ground your fans,
Recover your fans,
Flutter your fans.

By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

"But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to *handle their fans*, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

"The next motion is that of *unfurling the fan*, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers, on a sudden, an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

"Upon my giving the word to *discharge their fans*, they give one general crack which may be heard at a considerable distance, when the wind sets fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who, at their first entrance, could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of the

room, who can now *discharge a fan* in such a manner that it shall make a report like a pocket pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places, or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly. I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind, which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

"When the fans are thus *discharged*, the word of command in course is to *ground their fans*. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside, in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

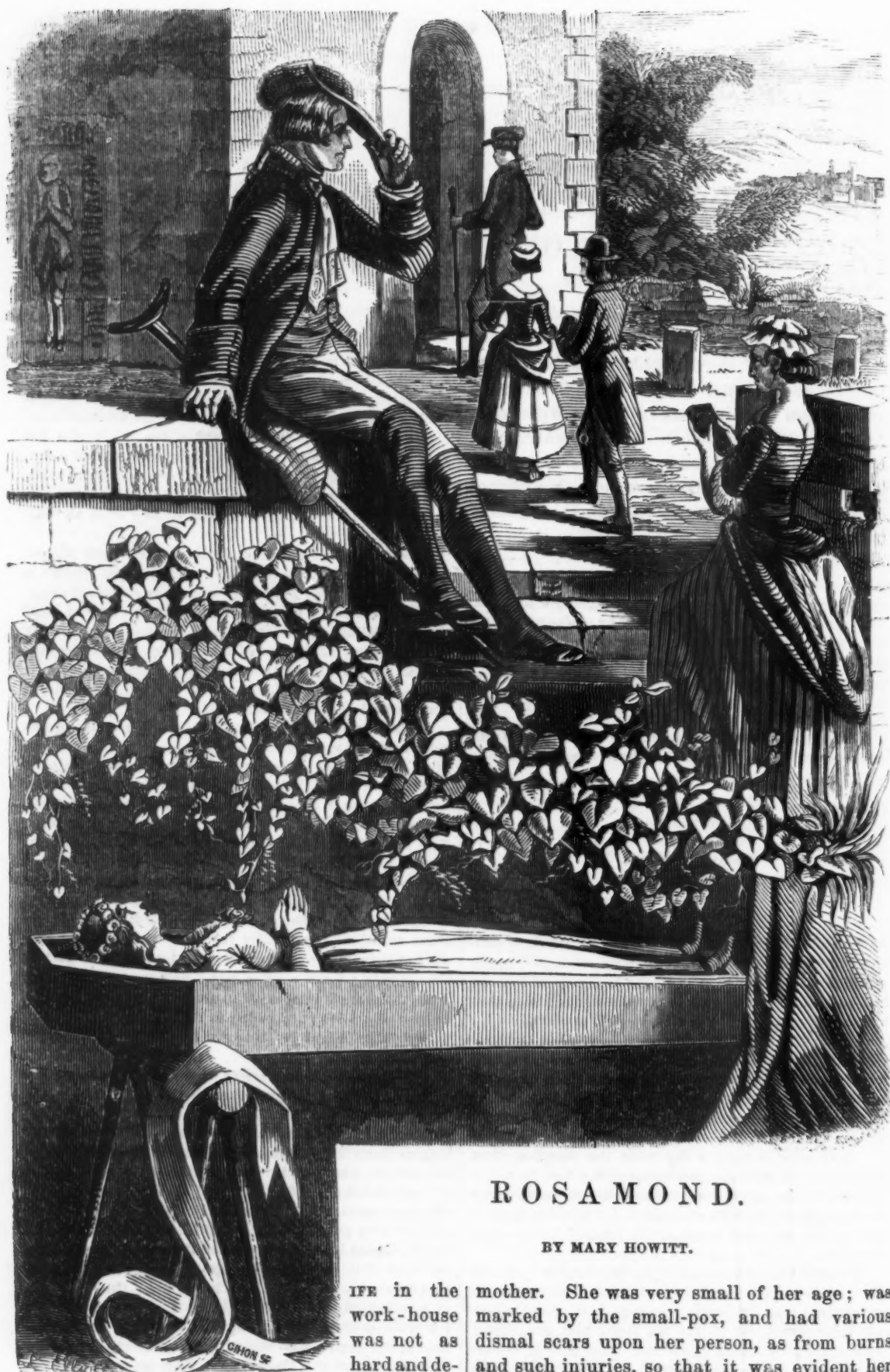
"When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden (like ladies who look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out *recover your fans*. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

"The *fluttering of the fan* is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not mispend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce *flutter your fans*, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

"There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the *flutter of the fan*; there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it, to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or a coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have, from my own observations, compiled a treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled the *Passions of the Fan*, which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next, to which you shall be very welcome, if you will honour it with your presence. I am, &c.

"P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

"N. B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense."



ROSAMOND.

BY MARY HOWITT.

IFE in the work-house was not as hard and desolate to Rosamond as it was to many of the other young paupers. She was a forlorn cast-away on the great ocean of life, and the merciful angel which had watched over her through all the sad chances of her existence, did not suffer her to perish. The great gate of the poor-house opened and received her with, as it seemed to her, the kind embrace of a

mother. She was very small of her age; was marked by the small-pox, and had various dismal scars upon her person, as from burns and such injuries, so that it was evident her life had been a hard one.

The workhouse to her was a friendly home; its hard fare was luxurious living, and its straw mattress might have been the down of a palace, so soundly did she sleep on it. The eagerness with which she took her food was a vast amusement to the paupers. They wondered where she could have come from, to

think the food which they despised so excellent. They thought her ugly, and called her so. They called her ill names, and said that she and Ezra were a fit couple; they made her seat herself beside him that they might see which was the ugliest; they tried to excite her by their ridicule to fits of passion, as they excited Ezra, thereby increasing the natural deformity of his countenance. She herself was frightened at Ezra when she saw him first; for he was a cripple with withered feet, and moved about on crutches. Like her he was an orphan, and had no other guardian than the parish. The workhouse had been his home for the greater part of his life; he was kicked and cuffed without mercy, for either he or his crutches seemed to be in everybody's way. One day Mr. Griffin, the master of the workhouse, stumbled over one of these unlucky crutches, and from that time he never had a good word from him, for the paupers laughed to see Mr. Griffin stumble, and for that laugh he held Ezra responsible.

Children are like looking-glasses which reflect back an image of the spirit which surrounds them. Poor Ezra reflected back a very melancholy and distorted image. He was pale and meagre, with thin, weak hair, and weak eyes. It was a favourite taunt of some of his wretched persecutors, when Ezra had been crying, or when a cold east wind had blown in his face—and to him none but east winds ever seemed to blow—that he had been fringing his eyelids with red worsted. This made him very angry, and poor Ezra's anger expressed itself in fierce though impotent rage. It is not saying too much when I assert that poor Ezra had never heard a kind, nor a gentle, nor a pitying word, nor a word of encouragement, much less of praise, for many a year. His life was bitter to him, and his bodily sufferings were not small. He hated the workhouse, and he hated everybody in it, and they all in return called him a wicked little imp. Mrs. Griffin, the mistress of the workhouse, called him so as well as the paupers, and yet Mrs. Griffin was not a bad-hearted woman; only a hard, managing body, who thought it her duty to make the parish money go as far as possible, and by no means to make the workhouse a heaven upon earth. She was very fat herself; she said that she lived as the paupers did, and that this was a proof how good the living must be; but it was a singular fact that none of the paupers, though some of them had been ten or fifteen years in the poor-house, ever equalled her in size.

Well, poor Ezra was a sort of Pariah even among the paupers. It was an established opinion that he was bad and stupid, and therefore everybody treated him as if he were so.

The master of the workhouse school said that he could teach him nothing,—he called him a dunce, and everybody would have called him a fool likewise, had not all agreed that he was sharp enough when he pleased—sharp enough for mischief. It was he, they said, that stuck a pin in the towel, on which all the paupers had to wipe their faces on Christmas morning, when they were going to have a Christmas dinner. It is true he denied it, but everybody believed him to be the culprit, therefore he had neither roast beef nor plum pudding, nor half a pint of beer. “And serve him right!” they all said. And did not he knock Mr. Griffin's snuff-box into the copper of porridge, one day when he saw it lying on the upper edge, whereby all the poor folks had to eat snuff-porridge enough to poison them! He denied it, to be sure, but nobody believed him, so he was put in the black hole for two days and a night, and had nothing but bread and water. Yes, there was no doubt but that Ezra was a very imp of Satan;—all were agreed on this subject,—the paupers, and Mr. and Mrs. Griffin. This was the only subject on which they were agreed.

When little Rosamond, the second waif and stray, was picked up by the parish charity, and placed under the fostering care of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, the paupers laughed, and said she was one of Ezra's sort; she was about as ugly as Ezra, and would give the parish as much trouble.

To Rosamond, however, the poor-house seemed a very grand and desirable home, so very ignorant and simple was she. Her thankfulness amused everybody, and, as I said, the porridge that the paupers found such fault with seemed to her dainty food. The old pauper women scolded and quarrelled among themselves, and kicked the children about, at which they cried, but Rosamond must have been used to much greater hardship, for even the cruelty and hardness of the old paupers seemed as nothing to her. She was always smiling and grateful; always willing to do a good-turn for those who had last ill-used her. What sort of life could she have led before she came there? It was a hard life indeed,—but she said nothing about it.

Everybody called her an ugly little thing. But there was no novelty in that. The sorrowful knowledge of her ugliness had been forced upon her soul before she entered the workhouse, and now it had no sting for her. They said that she was a match for Ezra, and that she should bear him company, and she was not unwilling to do so; for she had not been many days in the workhouse before her heart was filled with compassion for him.

One night Ezra had been thrust from the fire by half a dozen sturdy children, and he

now sat in a corner with a crutch in either hand, ready to knock any one down who approached him. The children were making game of him when Rosamond, blue with cold, stole in towards the fire.

"Go and sit down with Ezra!" exclaimed they; "go and bear Ezra company, for you are a fitting pair!"

"Let us sit together, Ezra," said Rosamond; "let us bear one another company—let us be good to one another."

Ezra had taken up his crutch from a motive of vengeance when Rosamond approached him, but when she spoke these gentle words, and seated herself in the chilly twilight of that dismal corner, upon a little wooden stool beside him, he dropped his hand upon the crutch, and began to cry. Any one but Rosamond would have laughed at his crying thus, as it seemed without any cause, but she did not.

"I hate them all!" said Ezra, in a low voice; "I hate everybody here!"

"No you don't," said Rosamond, mildly; "you don't hate me—you cannot hate me."

"I wish the workhouse was burned down, and they were all burned with it—that I do!" exclaimed he bitterly, without heeding her words.

"Ezra," said Rosamond, softly, "I will tell you something. I was once more miserable than you are,—oh, so miserable!—and I was very young then. I will tell you." And she told him something, but what it was I do not know, because she never told it to any one but Ezra.

Ezra listened to her with a cheek which flushed crimson with indignation. "I wish I had been near her," said he, in a low voice of suppressed rage; "I would have throttled her, that I would!" No one heard Ezra's words but Rosamond. He had left off crying now, but in his energy he grasped his crutch.

"No," continued Rosamond, "I did nothing of that sort;—oh no. I tried to make her love me. I did so want her to love me. I loved her, and I thought if she loved me it would make her good, and then she would not do such things. Ezra, we had not eaten anything for three days when she died;—that is the blessed truth, and that made me so ravenous. She died by the roadside, and there was nobody with her but me." Rosamond was silent; it seemed as if the weight of that past sorrow pressed upon her. Ezra was silent, too, for the poor girl's words had sounded depths in his soul that she knew not of.

When Rosamond spoke again it was in a cheerful tone. "Oh, Ezra," she said, "this is a nice place. I never thought once that I should be as comfortable as I am now. When I came here first I seemed to be in heaven.

Sometimes I used to wake at night and forget that I was here, and think I was still with her. But when I woke up I remembered all, and that I had now a home, I was so happy, and then I went to sleep again."

Rosamond had given Ezra a subject to think upon. The little history that she had whispered to him made a deep impression, and for the first time almost in his life, he felt human sympathy. He was not now always present to his own mind: he thought a great deal of Rosamond. He watched her when the pauper children laughed at her, and when the old women scolded her and knocked her about, and he was greatly astonished to see that their treatment never excited angry passions in her breast; she was cheerful still, and obliging even to those who ill-used her. It was very odd, he thought, for it often made his blood boil, and made him grind his teeth together, and grasp his crutch, so great was his desire of vengeance on them.

A ray of sunshine stole into the dark, melancholy soul of poor Ezra, and that was the kindness which Rosamond showed to him.

One afternoon Mrs. Griffin called Rosamond into her parlour. It was a very pretty little sunny room, with flowering geraniums in the window, and white dimity curtains. There was a carpet on the floor, and a great arm-chair stood on each side the fire, and Mr. and Mrs. Griffin had just finished tea. A piece of buttered toast remained on the plate; and when Rosamond entered, Mrs. Griffin poured out a cup of tea, put in two lumps of sugar, and drained into it every drop of cream from the jug; for Mr. and Mrs. Griffin drank real cream to their tea.

"There," said she to Rosamond, "there's a treat for you," and she set the cup before her, and put the piece of toast into her hand; "There's a famous treat!"

Rosamond's face flushed crimson, for it was as Mrs. Griffin said, a famous treat to her; for she hardly knew the taste of good tea and buttered toast. To Mrs. Griffin's surprise, however, Rosamond, instead of either eating or drinking, looked into her face as if she wanted to say something.

"Well, child?" said she, kindly, for she was in a very good humour.

"If you please, ma'am, might I give part to Ezra?"

"Lauk, child, no! Take it yourself, and be thankful," returned Mrs. Griffin. "Give part to Ezra, indeed!" and she laughed as if the idea was strange and unreasonable.

Rosamond drank the tea and ate the toast. She thought both excellent; but how much more would she have enjoyed them if she might

have shared them with poor Ezra, and to him she would have given the larger part.

She thought much of this indulgence, and it confirmed her in the idea that the workhouse was a happy home, and her mistress a very good woman. She did not, however, tell Ezra of her private indulgences, but she often praised Mrs. Griffin to him, and endeavoured to raise his opinion of her. But Ezra, who had lived longer in the workhouse than Rosamond, was hard to be convinced. Among other things that he advanced against her was that she was so great a friend of Mrs. Garroway's. This Mrs. Garroway was a staymaker, who lived in the town, and, according to his account, and the paupers, both old and young, agreed with him—there never was such a terrible woman as she. She had already had two parish 'prentices from the workhouse, and she had beaten and half-starved them, so that one had run away, and the other had put an end to her miserable life.

An indescribable horror grew up in Rosamond's mind towards Mrs. Garroway. She connected her some way with the frightful remembrances of her earlier life; with that woman, young or old, of whom she had whispered so much to poor Ezra. But, as he said, Mrs. Garroway was Mrs. Griffin's friend; and, on summer afternoons, now and then, drank tea with her in the little sunny parlour, among the flowering geraniums, and now and then, also walked with her in the great workhouse garden.

Whenever she came, the paupers said she was come about a new apprentice, and great was the terror of the young pauper-girls lest they should be apprenticed to her. It was said that the parish had interfered between her and the former apprentices, but that she had managed to clear herself. She made it out that parish 'prentices were always so bad that neither she nor any one else could manage them. The parish appeared satisfied, although the paupers were not so.

I said that Mrs. Garroway might be seen now and then walking with the fat Mrs. Griffin, in the great workhouse garden. So she might; but only a few of the paupers saw her, because only very few of them were permitted to go into the garden, which was separated by a high wall from the court in which the paupers took the air, and the pauper-children played.

Very large, and very formal was that workhouse garden. It was divided with straight walks, edged with thrift, which, in summer, bore pretty pink flowers; and, at one end, near the master's parlour, was a little flower-garden, in which grew plenty of pinks, gilly-flowers, and moss-roses. Of course very little sun-

shine, and very few of the pleasant influences of the brighter seasons reached the dreary court-yard where they breathed the fresh air; but the sun shone freely, and the birds sang, and the butterflies fluttered about the workhouse garden, for there was nothing to hinder them there; and though there were no honeysuckle arbours, nor smoothly shorn lawns, nor translucent fountains, still the garden was very pleasant. There were long rows of currant and gooseberry bushes in it, and raspberry bushes, and apple and plum trees—the fruit of which went to Mr. and Mrs. Griffin—and there were tall rows of scarlet runners, and luxuriant peas, which belonged to themselves likewise, and huge beds of cabbages, and still huger beds of potatoes, which were grown for the paupers. But all was as neat as a palace garden; for Mr. Griffin was very particular, and he made such of the paupers as he could trust to do the work, and they were not many, keep the garden neat, so that there was not a weed in it. The larks sang overhead, and the blackbirds and throstles, the hedge-sparrows and the tomtits built wherever they could stick in a nest, and long gushes of sunshine lay on the carrot and onion beds, and on all the pot-herbs, marjoram, and mint, and lemon-thyme, and even upon the melancholy rue, which grew plentifully here. Yes, truly it was a pleasant garden; and it would have done anybody good to have heard the birds singing there on a summer's morning. Mrs. Griffin used to open her parlour and her chamber windows to hear them, for her rooms opened into the garden.

Perhaps it was as a matter of favour that Rosamond was permitted to work in the garden, for children were seldom trusted there; or, perhaps, it was because Mrs. Griffin saw how tidy and handy she was about everything; but, by the time she was twelve years old, she was employed a great deal in the garden, that is, in the spring and summer seasons. She dropped in potato-sets, she picked peas and beans for Mr. and Mrs. Griffin's own eating, and lastly, she was set to work in the little flower-garden. Mrs. Griffin, who, as you know was very fat, did not like stooping; she therefore made Rosamond do all the work here, under her own eye. She often sate at her open parlour window, and directed her; and Rosamond was so good-tempered, and so handy and clever, and tied up and weeded and watered and planted so tidily and so successfully, that she quite won the mistress's favour. Rosamond was one of those who are lucky with flowers. If she stuck in a slip of sweetbriar, or a sprig of fuschia, it was sure to grow. She now reared all the geraniums, and the balms of Gilead which flowered in the sunny window of Mrs. Griffin's little parlour.

The garden was Rosamond's delight; but she did not tell poor Ezra this, because she would not make his lot more bitter by comparison with her own; she was even guilty of a little deceit towards him as regarded it, and she spoke to him most of the hot sun, and the weary work she had to do, lest he should envy her. But, in truth, she was full of enjoyment. It would have been greater, it is true, if Ezra might have been with her, and if she herself might have run about and chased the butterflies; but of course she dared not do this. She peeped, however, into the birds' nests, which her quick eye soon discovered in the leafy, neatly-cut hedge, and in the forked branches of apple or plum tree, and gazed in them with loving and admiring eyes, and cherished the thought of them as fondly in her heart, as if she had been the mother-bird herself. Rosamond was born with a strong love, and a keen perception of the beauty of natural objects, though no one found out such taste in her and cultivated it. She loved the beautiful thrift that bordered the walks, and took the utmost delight in clearing it of weeds. She had not words to express her admiration of Mrs. Griffin's little flower-garden, nor of the beauty she saw in the gold-spangled blossom of the scarlet bean, or in the delicate pink of the apple bloom. The gold and purple of sunset, the prismatic light of the dew-drop, were all sources of happiness to her, which none but herself knew, or could understand; yet all saw their effects in her, saw the effects of that spring of cheerfulness within her, which scattered her desolate pathway with flowers—real flowers of life, of which the mere outward flowers, the rose and the lily, are but the types.

"Rosamond is getting quite pretty," said the pauper women among themselves; and they no longer cuffed and snubbed her, and thrust her from the winter's hearth. "And Ezra has been better of late," said they, also; "he has lost that impish look that he used to have!"

"He begins to read, now," said the schoolmaster. "He is a deal more docile than he used to be; and time he was, for he is now turned of twelve."

The parish was at a loss to know what it should do with Ezra. "He would," they said, "be a pauper all his days, and a tax on the parish." He was weakly still, and had bad eyes, though they were certainly much better than they had been; but he was a poor creature, and never would walk without crutches. Nevertheless, he had greatly mended of late. They gave the schoolmaster great credit for this, and the schoolmaster, because

he was praised for his sake, grew somewhat kinder to Ezra.

Rosamond, as you know, had made Ezra the confidant of her sorrowful history. One day he seated himself beside her in the great room, for Ezra, who was lame and weakly still, was still permitted to go occasionally into the women's room, as he used to do when he was much younger. It was a hot summer's afternoon, and all the women, young and old, had taken their sewing and knitting into the yard, so that Rosamond and Ezra were uninterrupted. I don't know what made Ezra begin to talk of old times, but he did so. He told her that his earliest remembrances were of travelling about with horse-riders; some things he could only remember indistinctly, as if he saw them through a mist; others were very clear, and these were mostly of a sorrowful and terrific nature. He remembered very distinctly the death of his mother, and he supposed, at that time, he might be five years old. His mother had ever been kind and tender towards him; not so his father, which he imagined might be because he was lame, and could not learn to ride as another boy did, whom he remembered as his half-brother. This elder child was very beautiful; he had long curling hair, and Ezra remembered him as if glittering in gold; this he now supposed to be the handsome spangled dress in which he appeared before the public. He had some way remained in his remembrance as a shining angel; yet he had no love for him. He could recall, as concerned his parents, a great deal of unhappiness, domestic quarrels, and a strangely hurried and perplexed life. Lastly came, what seemed to him now like a dark winter's journey—like a dreadful journey through a night which lasted as if for years. How that might be he could not imagine; but Rosamond suggested that it was merely a winter's night drawn out by suffering until it seemed like years, for she could recall nights in her own sad childhood of this kind. Ezra said, that through this long night they travelled on in a wagon, himself and his mother alone, for his father and brother, and all the fine, horse-riding company, had set off suddenly, and left them behind.

During that long night's journey his mother was taken very ill; he remembered people with lanterns now and then looking in at the back of the wagon at her. She grew worse and worse, and must have been mad or delirious, perhaps, for she talked of dreadful things. She had horrible pains, and then she died. The wagon stopped, and the men with lanterns looked in again, and found her dead. They said she was poisoned. The people who said so were farmers, who took her and her child from the wagon. They laid the

body in an outhouse, and Ezra upon some fresh hay. He said that he could remember, even now, the pleasant smell of that clean, fragrant hay, and how he sank among it as if it had been a feather bed, and then he slept soundly for a day and a night. He knew he slept so long, because the people said so. His mother was buried in a churchyard near the farm-house, and he himself was taken to the workhouse. He had the scarlet fever soon after he came into the house; they all said he brought it with him; it raged in the house, and several died with it. He fancied that this was one reason why everybody disliked him so, for they laid the fever to him. It settled in his eyes and made him weaker than he had ever been before, and his life was a torment to him. He longed very much for his mother, and how forlorn and unhappy he was nobody knew. He said that his passions were very fierce, and that everybody made game of him, and in return he hated them. Often he used to think what he should like to do to be avenged of his persecutors, but he was weak and feeble, and always came by the worse in every attempt of the kind. He had not, he said, any desire to learn to read, nor to do anything they wished him, nor to be good,—rather, indeed, he took a pleasure in being wicked. But when Rosamond came and smiled so kindly, and was so cheerful, and sat down beside him, and said to him, “Let us sit by one another—let us be kind to one another!” a better spirit seemed to enter into him, and made him feel happy. How happy he had felt at times, he said, it was not in his power to tell. It was to him for a long time as if something pleasant had happened, and when he tried to remember what it was, he found it was that Rosamond was kind to him and did not dislike him, nor laugh at him, nor abuse him, and when he heard them say that she was ugly, he wondered at it, for to him she was beautiful.

Such was the effect produced on Ezra by Rosamond’s kindness. Nobody, however, in the workhouse gave her any credit for it. Mrs. Griffin said that they had cured him of his wicked tempers by the black-hole and bread-and-water. The schoolmaster said that he had beaten his stubbornness and stupidity out of him; nor was there a single pauper that did not boast of having had a hand in turning and training him.

The parish now began to have hopes that it might make something of him. He was nearly fourteen, and most fit, they thought, for a tailor, but as no tailor in the parish just then wanted a ’prentice, the schoolmaster made him head monitor, and it was wonderful how the school improved from this time.

Rosamond was about the same age as Ezra,

and was, as I have said, a great favourite with Mrs. Griffin. That good lady, who was growing stouter than ever, said one day that she should be on the lookout for a good place for her, and that, if possible, it should be one where she should get a good trade into her fingers. It was now summer:—the young birds were fledged in their nests—the thrift was in full bloom, the moss-roses, the white campanulas, and the sweet peas, all of Rosamond’s setting or tending, made the little flower-plot look, as she thought, like the garden of Eden, when, as ill chance would have it, Mrs. Garroway walked up to the workhouse to inquire after another apprentice.

Had Mrs. Garroway been other than a friend—some said a relation—of Mrs. Griffin’s, it would have been no use applying again for an apprentice, after the bad luck she had had with the former ones, more especially as the public had censured her no little. But she had cleared herself, and Mrs. Griffin, good woman as she was, took her part, agreeing with her that “parish ’prentices” were the plague of any one’s life, and that Mrs. Garroway was not to blame for her ill-luck. However, now there was a chance in ten thousand for her—Rosamond was just ready for a place. She was not much to look at, it was true, a poor little stunted thing that was marked by the small-pox, but then she was in reality as sharp as a needle, and was clean and tidy and handy at any sort of work, and very pretty-behaved and well-dispositioned. Mrs. Garroway could not do better than have her, and seeing that in this way Rosamond might get a good trade into her fingers, she did not see, nor did Mr. Griffin, that the parish could do better than put her ’prentice with five pounds, as they had done the others, and Mrs. Griffin would be bound by her honour that Mrs. Garroway would have no trouble with her, for a better girl than she never went out of a workhouse.

The overseer of the poor and the board made a little demur about letting Mrs. Garroway have another of their parish ’prentices, but Mrs. Griffin, who was a managing woman, overruled them;—she often did so. She said, on this occasion, a great deal against parish ’prentices in general, and a great deal in favour of her friend Mrs. Garroway, and as to Rosamond, she said that she was such a poor-looking girl it was not one in ten thousand that would be troubled with her; therefore they ought to be thankful to get her out where she would have a chance of learning a good trade, for Mrs. Garroway was the first stay-maker in the neighbourhood.

The overseer and the board consented, and Rosamond was informed that on the following

Monday she was to leave the workhouse, and to be bound 'prentice for seven years to Mrs. Garroway. This news seemed to take the strength out of her. But she was in the power of others, against whom remonstrance was vain. She sat down, therefore, mutely, as if under a great burden, and prayed that God would not forsake her. But if Rosamond said little, not so the paupers. There seemed likely enough to be a revolt amongst them. However, there was the black-hole and bread-and-water for any who showed a rebellious spirit; even Rosamond might have that punishment. The loud murmurs therefore became gradually silenced, and she and Ezra mourned together over her hard fate, and on the appointed Monday morning she left, almost heart-broken, the great, dreary poor-house, which was so abhorred by many, but which had been to her a happy and a merciful home, and thus, with a bundle containing a change of clothes, all new, she was conducted to Mrs. Garroway's. The old pauper men, women, and children, took a kindly leave of her, for they all loved her and pitied her, and, with a deep sense of their kindness in her soul, she began her new life.

Mrs. Garroway's house was small, but very neat. It stood in the town street, and was one of a closely-built row. The door was green as grass, and it had three steps leading up to it, which were as white as snow; there was a brass plate on the door with Mrs. Garroway's name and trade upon it, and above was a little brass knocker that had a sharp, shrill sound like the bark of a little dog, or the still sharper tones of Mrs. Garroway's voice when she spoke to her parish 'prentice, and this brass plate and knocker were as shining as gold. Below stairs was a little kitchen, small and damp, and scantily furnished; on the ground floor was the stay-shop and a little parlour behind, where Mrs. Garroway worked all day with her sharp tools, her scissors, her needles, and her steel stiletto, with which she pierced the lace holes, and among her keen lithe slips of whale-bone, which she occasionally used for other purposes than stays. Above stairs was the front room, with a sofa in it and a glass, and trimming ornaments, where the ladies fixed on their stays; and behind this was Mrs. Garroway's bed-room. Above was a large desolate garret, open to the roof, and very comfortless, where stood a poor bed scantily supplied with bedding, and a broken chair. This was Rosamond's chamber.

Such was the house which Rosamond had now to keep clean, and very clean she kept it. Mrs. Garroway would not allow a speck of dust, much less of dirt, on anything, and that was very praiseworthy,—but other things there were which would not admit of commendation.

The sorrows of Rosamond's life had now begun in earnest. The bitterness of her early experience seemed renewed to her, and she now wept for herself, and remembered the days and years at the workhouse as time spent in paradise. And for seven years this life was to endure—seven long, long years!—of which only three months as yet had passed. Her present life reminded her of that long terrible winter night's journey of which poor Ezra had spoken.

It would often have been a consolation unspeakable to Rosamond if she might have gone up to the workhouse now and then, and have talked with her old friends the paupers, and have opened her heart to Ezra, and walked in the garden and heard the birds sing, and seen the beautiful flowers, and said a few words to dear, good Mrs. Griffin, whom she now looked back upon as a mother. But that could not be. Mrs. Garroway, from some cause or other, was extremely unwilling that Rosamond should hold any intercourse with her old friends. She, however, went up herself to the workhouse as usual, and on such occasions she boasted to Mr. and Mrs. Griffin what a prize she had in Rosamond; that she was clever and handy, and so good-tempered and civil to her customers; that she never had a girl who suited her so well, and that she was much obliged to Mrs. Griffin for recommending her.

On one of these visits Mrs. Griffin having ordered her husband to gather a handsome nosegay, said to Mrs. Garroway, "Just carry these two or three flowers to that poor lass, she used to be so fond of flowers; and you'll spare her to come up some afternoon, maybe?"

Mrs. Garroway made no promise, and she forgot the flowers when she left, and Mrs. Griffin stuck them into a brown jug, and put them in the empty fire-grate, and thus Rosamond neither saw the flowers, nor heard of her friend's good will towards her.

Rosamond longed for a garden and for flowers, and for the song of birds, for there was now no sunshine nor any pleasant thing in her life. At the back of the house was a little enclosed space which had once been a garden. There were traces of old flower-beds in it, and a root or two of violets and London pride, having been hardy enough to survive the wreck and desolation of many years, struggled yearly in feeble blossom; in spring, also, a few pale, drooping snowdrops came out of the unfriendly soil, and stood shivering like houseless beggars. These were a little comfort to Rosamond, and they suggested to her the pleasant idea of re-cultivation.

"If I could only see Mrs. Griffin, or even Ezra, I would beg a few flower-roots, and then

"I could make a garden here," said she to herself.

But there were other things wanting to accomplish her purpose beside flower-roots—time and tools—these last, however, Rosamond thought she could find. She worked harder, therefore, than ever, and in the evening before dark she began to dig up the old trodden soil of the garden with the kitchen fire-shovel. It was weary work enough, but it was not long before she met with an interruption. She was soon seen at this employment by Mrs. Garroway, the window of whose working-room looked out into the back yard.

If Rosamond had time to waste thus, she said, it must be turned to better account. From that day, therefore, she made her sit down to stay-making. Every moment of time which could now be dragged from her hard servant's-work was spent in stitching.

Rosamond was patient and obedient. Summer came, the beautiful summer; the violets and the London pride had lived out their feeble lives in the little back yard, and the larks sang, the butterflies fluttered, and the flowers, the red, the white, and the blue, shone out in the bountiful sunshine of the workhouse garden;—but Rosamond saw them not—or only in imagination.

Mrs. Garroway went up as usual, for whenever she wanted "a mouthful of fresh air" she always bent her steps thither, and always carried with her excellent reports of Rosamond. She had now, she said, taken to stay-making, and was very quick and handy with her needle. There never was a parish 'prentice like her! She did not scruple saying this behind her back, but she never spoke one word of commendation or kindness to her face. That was her way, and a hard, cruel, comfortless way it was. What would not poor Rosamond have given for one word or look of kindness, but she had it not. And this was to last for seven years, for seven long, long years! and the first twelve months were only just past.

Things went on much better, however, with poor Ezra. He remained at the workhouse as a sort of deputy schoolmaster. The parish thought he was thus very well employed, and therefore did not look out for a tailor's place for him. On Sundays he went with the pauper children to church. He walked at their head now, or rather *went*, for he used crutches still, and from the gallery-loft, where he sat with the children, he could just get a sight of the tip of Rosamond's little straw-bonnet, as she sat in the aisle below among the poor people, for Mrs. Garroway, though she made a point of her going to church, did not think it needful to pay for a sitting for her. But it really mattered little to Rosamond where she sat.

In her happier days she had sat in the loft among those pauper children, but the sermon then interested her very little; then she only looked at the fine folks in their pews below, and listened to the singing and the organ. Now, however, she listened and attended to the sermon, and to the reading of the lessons. The old vicar, who then used to preach, was dead, it is true, and there had come in his place a good, young clergyman, who endeavoured to tread in the footsteps of the great Master, Christ, and he it was who had done most in keeping poor Ezra in the workhouse school. But of that Rosamond knew nothing. She knew nothing indeed of what went on at the workhouse, and Mrs. Griffin supposed that she now cared nothing about them. "That's just the way," she said, "with them all. I never knew a parish 'prentice that turned out good for anything, that was not ashamed of the workhouse! They get their hearts full of pride, and then they are ashamed of what they sprung from!" So said Mrs. Griffin, but she did not know the truth. I was, however, speaking of Rosamond and the church service.

Perhaps there was something in the sermons of the new vicar that arrested Rosamond's attention, and perhaps her present sorrows and hardships turned her heart towards subjects of religion; be that as it might, her greatest pleasure was now going to church, and listening to the preacher. She shed many tears in church; often they were tears of consolation, sometimes even of joy. Now and then she nodded to Ezra, and to some of the old paupers, her dear friends, as they left the church, but not often, for Mrs. Garroway expected her to walk behind her from church, carrying her big Bible and prayer-book, and she did not allow much lingering, even for friendship's sake.

I said that the young clergyman was Ezra's friend, and I will just mention one little particular to show the great comfort he derived from his thoughtful attentions. Ezra was now growing tall; as far as they could judge, for his age was not accurately known, he was upwards of sixteen, and lame as he still was, he had begun to shoot up rapidly. His crutches therefore, soon became too short for him; in truth, just at this time, they needed lengthening every two or three months. But neither Mr. Griffin nor the parish would have given this much thought and attention to him, and he must have suffered great inconvenience, for they would have considered one new pair of crutches a year quite enough for him. The good clergyman, however, as if by instinct, knew what was really needful for Ezra in this small, but important particular. He was very attentive to the state of his crutches, and even

to his lame feet. He sometimes said that he thought them not incapable of cure, and volunteered to consult a great London surgeon about them. The comfort which poor Ezra experienced, through the thoughtful kindness of this benevolent man, is not to be told; it gladdened his soul, and fostered that upspringing harvest of good within him, the seed of which had first been sown by Rosamond.

Let it not, however, be imagined that Ezra forgot Rosamond. He did not, but intercourse between them was next to impossible, for Ezra was now, in effect, apprenticed to the parish school, and his duties were increasing. One summer afternoon, however, he asked leave to go to Mrs. Garroway's to see his old companion, and he carried down with him a large nosegay for her. Mrs. Griffin was in a very good humour that day, for the board had praised her on account of these two young people; she therefore gave him leave willingly. Ezra walked off cheerfully, almost merrily, with a new, well-made pair of crutches; he had much to tell Rosamond.

But Rosamond was gone out with a pair of stays, in a direction the very opposite of the workhouse, when Ezra called. This was a great disappointment to him, but he left the flowers for her, and as Mrs. Garroway protested that she could not tell at what time Rosamond would be back, there was nothing for him but to retrace his steps to the workhouse. On her return, which was very soon after he was gone, although her disappointment in not seeing him was greater even than his own, she felt an unspeakable delight in the flowers he had left. They were like old friends to her; she knew where they all grew; there was the pinkthrift just as ever, and the white campanulas, and the moss-roses, and the fringed pinks. The sight of them, and the peculiar odour of each carried her back into that garden, where she had enjoyed so much pleasure; more, by far, than it seemed to her she should ever enjoy again. Her great joy over the flowers produced a reaction in her mind. She wept bitterly; she now knew how unhappy she was, and what a hard life she was compelled to lead. She had nobody to tell her troubles to.

Of late she had often thought herself ill, had thought that she should perhaps die; now again the thought returned. She wept very bitterly down in the kitchen that afternoon, and drew water from the hard kitchen-pump for her beautiful flowers. It would have given her no little pleasure to have kept them down stairs to herself, but her sense of duty forbade this indulgence. She put them therefore in a large blue jug, the prettiest piece of earthen-

ware in the house, and set them on the little table, in the window of the room where the ladies tried on their stays. It was not wrong, however, she thought to put a slip of sweet-brier into a vial bottle of water in the kitchen window, for perhaps it might strike root, and then it would be a pleasure to her, which even Mrs. Garroway could not object to.

I spoke just now of the hard pump from which Rosamond drew water for the flowers; this leads me to mention one circumstance which made her service at Mrs. Garroway's particularly severe. There was down in that lady's kitchen a pump, which supplied the house with water. It was one of the hardest pumps from which water was ever drawn. Mrs. Garroway knew this perfectly well, but it troubled her not, because she very rarely drew any, but as she was one who required a great deal of washing and scouring to be done in her house, a great deal of water was required, all of which Rosamond had to pump. From the very first this labour had seemed too much for her, and of late it had caused severe pain in her side, and often she was obliged to stop in the middle, and often also to rest for some time after the water was drawn. She kept her troubles to herself, and when she was saddest would sing a hymn. She had taken to singing hymns of late. She found a deep meaning in many of the hymns which she had learned in the workhouse school, though, at that time, she had but little understood them.

She often sung,

By the pangs thou, Lord, hast borne,
By thy cruel crown of thorn,
By thy eyes with anguish wet,
By thy groans and bloody sweat,
Saviour, thou wilt bear a part
In the sufferings of my heart;
Saviour, thou wilt me befriend,
Guide and keep me to the end!

Yes, it was a consolation to Rosamond to sing little hymns of this kind—a very great consolation! What a pity then that even the singing of a hymn should sometimes put Mrs. Garroway out of temper; but indeed it did so. People of bad tempers are like servants under a hard master; they are often compelled to do many unjust and cruel things.

Mrs. Garroway was under the bondage of a very bad temper, which had been so long indulged, that she had now no freewill of her own. If it had not been so the gentleness and meekness of Rosamond must have subdued even her. I am the more convinced of this, because as she sat, day after day, pricking her sharp needles through the white and the gray jean she thought of Rosamond, for she was so patient, and obedient, and submissive, that she became almost a marvel to her. Once

Mrs. Garroway, as had been her wont with her former apprentices, struck Rosamond across the shoulders with a lithe piece of whalebone; its stroke was as keen as a whip of wire, and that Mrs. Garroway knew. Once she had struck her, but she had never been able to do so again, for the mild, suffering expression of Rosamond's countenance touched even her soul. She sometimes, therefore, thought of Rosamond as she sat at her work, and now the deep cough that she heard sounding upwards from the kitchen, or coming below from the garret, troubled her a little. She remembered the disgrace which had nearly fallen upon her regarding her former parish 'prentices; and now if Rosamond should be ill and die, would not people say that she had been the cause of her death? But no! how could they? Rosamond never complained, and she herself had never lost an opportunity of praising her to Mrs. Griffin, and even to some of her customers; the whole parish, therefore, knew how much satisfied she was with her.

Rosamond suffered greatly from her cough. One day she said to herself, as she was obliged to stop in the middle of her pumping, "that pump will be the death of me!"

They were words lightly spoken, but they sank deep into her soul, and from that time, she never lost the idea that she should not live long.

Winter and summer, winter and summer went round, and amid sorrow and suffering, three years and a half were gone out of the seven long, long years. Ezra had now left the parish. The good clergyman had sent him to a grammar school, for he had discovered great talents in him, and it was said that if he returned at all, it would very probably be without his crutches, for a great doctor in London had really undertaken his cure. These were great tidings throughout the parish, and every one, rich and poor, praised and loved the good clergyman for it.

One night Rosamond had a dream. She dreamed that she was ill in bed in her garret, suffering from cold, for her blankets were scanty and very thin. Her sleep was always comfortless in winter, and it was now January. She dreamed, therefore, that she lay thus in her bed of sorrow; there was great darkness all around her, and great cold likewise, so that she seemed under the power of these two great and terrible agencies, cold and darkness. Gradually, and yet rapidly, they were dispersed, and seemed to dissolve away, and instead there came warmth and light as of an inconceivable glory, as if the very heavens had been opened, and from amid this great splendour came a voice, sweeter than the melody of birds, which said, "The end will be soon, for now the dark-

ness and the cold have departed, and the great glory will begin, and then there will be peace and great joy, and she shall have her reward;" and these last words "she shall have her reward!" sounded again and again, as if from voices all around, far above her, far, far away into the great glory of the light, and so she awoke.

It was early winter morning, about three o'clock, very cold and dark, but Rosamond felt neither the one nor the other, for the joy and the consolation of her wonderful dream were strong within her.

The next day Mrs. Garroway was startled by one of her best customers saying, "That little maid of yours is ill: you should let the doctor see her."

Mrs. Garroway said that she had a bad cough, and that she sometimes thought she would not be very long-lived. She was a good girl, she said, but that she had been very weakly as a child; always had been weakly; but she would get her something for her cough.

Mrs. Garroway was now in earnest about doing something for Rosamond. She was afraid of being in any way blamed by the parish; she ordered a cough mixture for her from the druggist's, and bought her a new flannel petticoat. This was very acceptable, for it served as a blanket for her bed.

As Mrs. Garroway now sate pricking through the hard jean with her sharp needle, she thought more and more of Rosamond. She wished now that she had never struck her, and many of her hard words came back to her mind with bitter remorse.

The news of Rosamond's illness soon reached the work-house, and Mrs. Griffin, wrapped up in her great red and green plaid-shawl, came down to see her. That was the greatest happiness Rosamond had had for a long time. Her undissembled and grateful pleasure affected Mrs. Griffin deeply.

"Lord bless you! she's far gone in a consumption!" exclaimed the stout lady to Mrs. Garroway when they two were together; "she'll never be fit for service any more. Poor lass! how she is gone off!" and she again wiped away tears.

The parish doctor was forthwith sent to her, and then she was up in her garret in bed, with the new flannel petticoat over her quilt, for Mrs. Garroway thought it no harm that all should see her provided with warm new under garments.

"She must not lie here," said the doctor; "this room is enough to kill a horse, and she has not clothes enough on the bed by half."

Mrs. Garroway, therefore, who was afraid of blame in any way, had a bed made in her own room, and there she lay with a fire in the

grate. This was very comfortable, and her poor heart overflowed with gratitude. She regarded herself as surrounded by comforts. The good clergyman came to see her, and his visits added to her happiness, for his words had long been consolatory to her, though he knew it not. From him she heard the good news of Ezra. The famous surgeon in London was really performing that wonderful cure on him; he would soon need crutches no longer; the weakness, too, in his eyes was gone, and better still, his great abilities and his amiable character had made him many friends. He was to be educated for a clergyman, and Mrs. Griffin and the work-house schoolmaster, and in fact the whole parish, were quite proud of him.

These were indeed good tidings to Rosamond. It did not trouble her that no one imagined her to have been at all instrumental in the good work which had been wrought in Ezra. No, she thought not of herself. She was gradually preparing to receive that reward which far transcends the praise of men.

Rosamond's last illness was short. Only three years and three-quarters were completed of her long apprenticeship when she died. But she had completed that apprenticeship which fitted her for a higher service; which fitted her to take her place with angels. Her earthly remains were laid at Mrs. Garroway's cost on the north side of the church among the nameless paupers; but let us not say that her life was in vain.

MARGARET LAMBRUN.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY MISS MARY E. SPENCE.

THE historical incident upon which our little story is founded happened about a year subsequent to the execution of Mary of Scotland, and after the excitement growing out of that event had, in a great measure, subsided.

The crown of Queen Elizabeth was no longer menaced; the distractions incident to the prolonged contests for the English throne, urged by her kinswoman, were dissipated; party lines were effaced by common desire, and the fast-anchored isle was "merrie England" once more.

A vast concourse of ladies, lords, and gentlemen enlivened the royal gardens one afternoon in the month of May. The flower of British chivalry and the fairest of England's daughters graced the serpentine walks; and the Maiden Queen looked proudly upon the scene, and felicitated herself with the truthful thought that no sovereign in the wide world could boast of nobler or fairer subjects than those within the scope of her vision.

Among the gay cavaliers in attendance there was one who attracted much attention by reason of his handsome person, superb attire, and quiet, unassuming deportment. He walked alone; few seemed to know him; and he acted as if he were alike indifferent to the scrutinies of one sex, and the furtive glances of the other.

Certainly he was youthful—not above twenty at most—and his face was delicate, fair, and girlishly beautiful. Yet, despite the boyish expression of his face, there was a ripe maturity of his form, the almost perfect symmetry of which was advantageously displayed by the tense fashion of his apparel. He wore a mantle of blue velvet, elegantly embroidered, and lined with crimson; straight hose of pink-coloured silk; a light jerkin or body waistcoat of pale yellow velvet, ornate with plain but highly planished gold buttons; and a white beaver hat, with snowy plumes confined by a small brilliant. The extreme beauty of the young cavalier made him the focus of many a pair of bright eyes; but he bore their glances without deigning a smile in return, and steadily continued his perambulations, wrapped up seemingly in meditations so deep and engrossing as to render him unconscious of everything around him.

"Not know him!" exclaimed Cecilia Temple to Sir Herbert Bland, as they were about to meet the strange cavalier in one of their promenades around the garden. "Not know him, Sir Herbert! what an ignorant squire thou art, forsooth! A cavalier of the court, like Sir Herbert Bland, should be always advertised of the name, at least, of every gentleman of

quality, especially of one so fair and comely as Master Anthony Sparke."

"Fair Cecily," answered the knight, "I am not of the gossiping race. The youth, I dare be sworn, is both noble and honourable, for his bearing signifieth as much; but since I have neither seen nor heard of him before this present moment, I may well plead ignorance of his name and quality."

"Do but observe," exclaimed the maiden, "how sweet his face, and comely his form! and with what a grace he wears his rich mantle. Look, Sir Herbert, and profit by what thou seest."

"A handsome youth, properly habited, graceful in mien, and peradventure extremely gallant!" responded Sir Herbert. "I would fain praise him more, to please thee, did I but know how to fashion my speech."

"Is he not the model of manly beauty?" exclaimed the volatile girl. "An Adonis—a veritable English Adonis! Fie, fie, Sir Herbert! not to know Master Anthony Sparke! He is the idol of half the gentlewomen in town."

"And of fair Cecily Temple among the number?"

"True, true! why should Cecily Temple affect singularity?"

"I fancy, Cecily, thou art half in love with him."

"And would be entirely so were it not that my heart is not my own, to bestow upon Master Sparke. What a silly thing is a jealous lover!"

"Dost think I am jealous, Cecily?"

"That I do! Now thou art jealous of Master Sparke; and in a fortnight thou wilt be jealous of some one else whose cheeks may be rosier than thine."

"Ah, Cecily! by my soul, thou art cruel—forgetful that the camp and the field despoiled my face of its fairness."

"Forgive me," said Cecily, tenderly, "I am very foolish; but I promise never to speak of rosy faces again, in all time to come."

As she finished speaking, the strange youth, in attempting to pass by the side of Sir Herbert, was pushed against him with great violence by the pressure of the crowd. In this sudden rencounter something dropped from beneath the folds of the stranger's mantle, which he quickly endeavoured to recover, but without success. It proved to be a pistol. Sir Herbert seized the deadly weapon, and grasping the young cavalier by the arm, raised the cry of "Treason!" The ladies screamed with terror and hurried precipitately away. The guards promptly made their appearance, and took the youth into custody.

As soon as the Queen heard of the circum-

stance, she ordered the prisoner to be brought before her. When he confronted her Majesty, he betrayed no evidence of fear; his demeanour was calm and respectful, and no emotion was visible in his countenance, except a blush which suffused it, when he discovered that the eyes of a multitude of ladies, who had thronged around the Queen, were fixed intently upon him. His uncommon beauty prepossessed all the female retinue in his favour; and whatever might have been his offence, there was not one among the number who would not have petitioned for his pardon. Elizabeth herself was struck with the comeliness of the prisoner, and felt disposed to deal leniently with him. But she had her duty to perform, and all the feelings of the woman had to give way to the stern behests of the sovereign.

"Speak, traitor!" commanded the imperious Queen. "Tell us what bloody purpose thou hadst in view, in coming within our royal precincts with murderous weapons about thy person?"

"Madam," calmly replied the youth, undaunted by the harshness of the royal speech, "my object I shall not deny; it was blood—the blood of one who has inflicted irreparable injury upon me and mine."

The anger which Elizabeth had, as was her wont, assumed in her opening interrogatory to the prisoner, was now converted into reality by the cool daring of the response.

"Thy villany," she exclaimed, "is only equalled by thy unblushing effrontery! Which of my faithful cavaliers didst thou seek to assassinate?"

"None, madam," returned the youth. "Against no cavalier in your Majesty's kingdom have I grudge or ill-feeling. It was the blood of the Queen of England that I sought."

"God of my fathers! what do I hear? And, villain, hast thou the audacity to speak this treason even in our own ears?"

"I spoke the truth, and thereby am willing to be judged."

"And who art thou, minion of Satan, that hatched this diabolical treason against our life and crown?"

"I am but an humble individual, madam. Though clad in the masculine habit, I yet am not a man."

"Nor shalt thou ever be a man, thou beardless traitor! That smooth face of thine shall be chopped from thy neck before thou approachest one day nearer to the era of manhood."

"May it please your Majesty, I am neither a man nor a boy, but a woman—Margaret Lambrun by name."

"A woman!" cried the astonished sovereign.

"A woman, madam, strange as it may seem," quietly answered the prisoner.

"Wretch! monster! how then darest thou offend our sight by exposing thyself in that unwomanly habit?"

"I wear it, madam, because it is my pleasure to do so, and because I imagined it would best serve my purpose in gaining access to the royal precincts. I have already stated my name. It now remains for me to add, that my husband, whom I fondly loved, was one of the victims of your Majesty's remorseless persecutions. He was, like myself, in the service of the late Queen Mary; and, like her, he forfeited his life by incurring the displeasure of her I am now addressing. I sought to avenge the death of my husband by taking the life of his murderer. My scheme has been baffled, and now I am ready to become another victim. In my case no favour or indulgence is meet—I crave none. Lead me to the scaffold!"

"As God liveth!" exclaimed Elizabeth, sharply, "this coolness befits a soldier better than a woman! Harken, thou shameless monster! What if we pardon thy iniquitous crime?"

"That would be an act for which I should be grateful."

"If our pardon be vouchsafed, thy footsteps must never more profane English soil. Exiled to France, there shalt thou remain to the end

of thy life, with our royal pledge now given, that thy head shall be the forfeit of thy return to our dominions. Know then, it is our pleasure to pardon thee."

"Does your Majesty pardon as a Queen, or as a judge?"

"Ingrate! Why the presumptuous question?"

"Because, madam, the pardon of a Queen is an act of compassion extended to one whose guilt has been made apparent; and this I ask not—I crave not the royal compassion, and would be loath to accept it. The pardon of a judge is an act of justice to the prisoner, when it hath been made to appear that his crime, though unlawful, was nevertheless justifiable. If your Majesty pardons as a Queen, I must be permitted to decline the royal favour; but if as a judge, I accept it with gratitude, and pledge myself to retire from the kingdom without delay."

"Woman, man, demon, or whatsoever thou art!" said the Queen, scarcely able to restrain her feelings, "never since we have sat upon our throne, have our ears listened to such an exposition of our royal prerogatives. As a judge, then, we grant our pardon. Depart!"

Margaret Lambrun was immediately conducted to Dover, where she embarked for France, bidding her last adieu to the white cliffs of old England.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

(See Engraving.)

THE cottage work is over,
The evening meal is done;
Hark! through the starlit stillness
You hear the river run.
The cottar's children whisper,
Then speak out one and all,
"Come, father, make for Johnny
A rabbit on the wall."

He smilingly assenting,
They gather round his chair;
"Now, grandma, you hold Johnny—
Don't let the candle flare."
So speaking, from his fingers
He throws a shadow tall,
That seems, the moment after,
A rabbit on the wall.

The children shout with laughter,
The uproar louder grows,
E'en grandma chuckles faintly,
And Johnny chirps and crows.
There ne'er was gilded painting,
Hung up in lordly hall,
Gave half the simple pleasure,
This rabbit on the wall.

Ah! who does not remember
When humble sports like these,
Than many a costlier pastime
Had greater power to please?
When o'er life's autumn pathway
The sere leaves thickly fall,
How oft we sigh, recalling
The rabbit on the wall.

FASHIONS.

FIGURE 1. *Toilette de Ville*.—Bonnet of straw-coloured crape, having rouleaux of taffetas round the edge in front. Upon the face is an *apprêt* of gathered taffetas, in five folds, around which the taffetas forms little bouillonnés or puffings. The same *apprêt* covers also the upper part of the bavolet or cape, and is edged with a bouillonné. The crown is enveloped in blonde, put on smooth. A gathered volant of blonde passes round the forepart of the face, and round the bavolet. Each side is ornamented with a handsome marabout, glacé with white. The brides pass under the face and all round, just in front of the

visage, and have attached to them, on each side, three little round bouquets of flowers, one of pâquerettes, the second of buds of roses, and the third of violets.

Mantel-shawl of taffetas of a dull white, trimmed with ruches of taffetas, cut out into sharp teeth. This kind of ruche is constructed of little plaits with regular intervals between them. The two ruches around the lower edges support volants of white blonde, the first only about half the width of the lower one.

Redingote of taffetas, corsage high, sleeves wide at the bottom, opening circular. The corsage, the front of the skirt, and the sleeves, are brodered with an arabesque design. This broderie is composed, first, of wide galloon sewed on flat, and forming the base or groundwork of the design, then of narrower lacets, and finally of still narrower, curiously interwoven with the others. The whole forms one of the most tasteful novelties of the season.

FIGURE 2. *Morning Toilette*.—Round lace cap trimmed



FIG. 1.
TOILETTE DE VILLE.



FIG. 2.
MORNING TOILETTE.

with emerald green riband. Six rows of this riband, starting at the centre of the cap, radiate in all directions to the edge, equidistant from each other. Over the ears, and thence to the back of the head, are a mass of puffings of the same riband appearing from under the cap. Long brides of the same, but wider than the rest, depend from each side.

Pardessus and underskirt of jaconet, with designs in pink. Both are trimmed with wide flounces, very full, gathered and finished with headings of quilling:—the quilling on the pardessus borders also the opening in front and the revers of the corsage. The pardessus is cut to the form, but fits loosely. Sleeves demi-long; undersleeves puffing and drawn together by a tight band at the wrist. The underskirt, being destitute of corsage, is mounted upon a belt or waistband.

FIGURE 3. *Costume of a Little Boy of 9 or 12 years.*—Hat of black felt, round crown. Jacket of maroon-coloured cloth. White vest with gilt buttons. Pants of light green cloth, plaited at the top. Slippers. Fancy stockings.

FIGURE 4. *Costume for a Little Girl of 3 or 4 years.*—Frock of percale embroidered apron-like in front of the skirt and corsage à l'Anglaise. This embroidery is narrow at the waist, and widens gradually above and below. Pardessus of rose-coloured taffetas ornamented with two narrow volants of taffetas *découpté*. Slippers with gaiters. Pantalets short and edged with embroidery Anglaise.

FIGURE 5. *Walking Dress.*—Drawn bonnet of white crape, trimmed over the face with four volants of riband, and both above and under the face at the sides, with tufts of flowers and foliage of delicate texture. Shawl of black



FIG. 3.

COSTUME FOR A LITTLE BOY.

FIG. 4.

COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

FIG. 5.

WALKING DRESS.

lace de laine, bordered at the lower edge with a very wide volant of the same material.

Robe of blue taffetas of very light shade. Corsage high and tight; sleeves demi-long, wide at the bottom; undersleeves consisting of two wide volants of white lace; gloves yellow. The upper edge of the corsage is trimmed with notched à revers. The main trimming, both on the skirt and the corsage, is composed of rows of narrow volants cut out in figures, and festooned pink dents. The volants are arranged thus upon the skirt:—four rows without intervals pass around at a short distance from the bottom; then a wide interval; then again four rows; then another interval; and, finally, four more rows. Those on the corsage are arranged en V from the waist to the shoulder. All are sewed on in waves, or rather in zigzags, for the corners are sharp.

FIGURE 6. *Toilette of a Young Communicant.*—We give this figure more as a matter of variety, and on account of the perfect combination which it presents of beauty and simplicity, than from any idea of its being of much practical utility in this country. It is indeed one of the neatest and prettiest costumes we have met with for a



FIG. 6.

TOILETTE OF A YOUNG COMMUNICANT.

long time. Hair in short bandeaux. Small round cap trimmed with three rows of lace, gathered. This cap is tied under the chin with narrow taffetas ribands. Large veil of transparent muslin, edged with dents festonnées. The veil envelops the back part of the head, and is attached on each side to the cap by means of a chou of white taffetas riband. (A chou is a large round cluster of riband, so called from its supposed resemblance to a cabbage.)

Robe of white muslin. The corsage is high, with dents

festonnées around the neck, trimmed with narrow lace following their turnings; it is gathered at the bottom and at the shoulders. But the principal trimming of the corsage is a double revers put on in a V, and flat, except at the shoulders, where they are slightly gathered. These revers extend to the back, taking there somewhat of a berthe-like form. Belt of taffetas and tied in front. Jupe full and trimmed five flounces or rather double folds of the muslin. Sleeves demi-short entonnairs (funnel-shaped), narrow at the top and wide below. Undersleeves composed of large puffing of tulle, terminating at the wrist in a tight band.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The light materials most in vogue for toilettes de ville are barège, grenadines, and chiné silks. Such, however, is the rage for the latter, that the others are worn by comparatively few. The prevalence of dresses made of taffetas chiné is very remarkable. Of these last some are robes, trimmed round the skirt volants *découpés*, and others redingotes, trimmed in front with volants of narrow riband. Their corsages are open and ornamented on each side with three little volants, the first passing entirely round the neck, and the other two terminating at the shoulder seam. The sleeves are bordered with a heading and volants *découpés*. Very elegant robes are made also of *brillantine*, a cotton stuff with white ground and rather large bouquets *perse*: the foreparts bordered with a garland of flowers. With this pègnoir there ought to be joined a pardessus demi-tight, and with a similar garland. This dress is intended principally for the country. The flounces on chiné silks are always of the same material and very broad. Speaking of this variety of decoration, it may be proper to state that flounces are the prevailing trimming, in fact, they may be said to be universally in favour even for materials with which they have generally been considered inconsistent. If the material be thick and rich, the flounces are wide and few, sometimes extremely wide and only two in number, but when the stuff is light, they are made very narrow and very numerous. When dresses are of barège, the volants are of the same material and are supported by narrow *ruches* of riband, which have a very pleasing effect. In those made of grenadines, the flounces are festooned with rows of gauze riband, thus satisfying the idea of lightness. The prevailing colours are altogether light ones, such as morning and evening primrose, lilac of various shades, greens from faint to deep, violets, pale pink shot with silver gray, chinés with white grounds and pink designs, &c. One of the stuffs most in vogue in Paris at the latest accounts, called *taffetas perse*, is so entirely covered with flowers that it is difficult to distinguish the colour of the ground. Robes of this material are trimmed with two broad volants of the same, terminated at the top by a narrow *ruche* of riband of various shades, repeating all the prominent colours of the robe.

At this season of the year parasols become a necessary appendage to a lady's out-of-door toilette. The most fashionable are decidedly those called *marquises*, made of white, pink, or green *moire*, and trimmed with a very broad fringe or deep lace, corresponding in colour to the material. In the furor for taffetas chiné, many parasols have been made of it, but they do not meet with favour, those we have mentioned being preferred.

Drawn bonnets are made of every description of light textures, sometimes intermixed with riband, and sometimes with bands of fancy straw. Many are formed of wide straw and riband either of gauze or silk and slightly full. The riband forms the edge of the bonnet, and then alternates with the straw. The crown is ornamented with two *nœuds* of the same, or with flowers corresponding in colour with the riband. The curtain or cape of the bonnet is very deep, and formed, as it is, with alternate bands of straw and riband. Flowers are even more fashionable than ever for ornamenting bonnets. They are placed both on the interior and exterior, those within being generally the same as those without. A. B. C.

EDITORIAL.



ART NOTICES.

EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

(Continued from the July number.)

THE present collection is one that would be creditable to any city whatever, of the size and population of Philadelphia. It must be acknowledged that very many of the pictures recently added, are late contributions from Europe, induced through the policy lately adopted by the directors, expressly to promote that result. On the other hand, it is equally true that the collection is unusually bare of the works of resident and native artists, who, justly indignant at the (to them) injurious action of the management, have, with few exceptions, purposely kept aloof. With respect to the general merit of this exhibition compared with those previously held, it is generally conceded to be the best; but it is difficult to endorse this conclusion while we have remembrance of such landscapes as that by Jutsum, in last year's gallery, or such marine as that by Achenback; and in Sculpture, in addition to the best of what we have now there, were Thorwaldsen's Eve, and the Four Seasons, by Brown, of New York; and, in the preceding exhibition, it should not be forgotten, that the late Mr. Carey's superb collection was included, entire; with those fine landscapes by Ellsasser, Pine, &c.; and in history, or domestic subjects, the works of Huntington, Leutze, Inman, and others.

On a future occasion, we have much to say of the existing institutions for fostering the fine arts, or promoting a love of them throughout the mass of the people. The Academy performs this office, so far as the influence of yearly exhibitions extends, but no further; apart from this necessarily good effect on the public, the whole tendency of the institution, as conducted, is regarded by the artists, with few exceptions, as decidedly detrimental to the interests of the profession. The Athenæum in Boston exercises a similar depressing influence there, and for aught that their exhibition shows to the contrary, a stranger might reasonably infer that there was not a living resident artist in that city. The artists of New York happily rid themselves from this thralldom of insolent corporate patronage more than twenty years ago, and now occupy an enviable and commanding position, having established, from means of their own creation, the only real Academy of the Fine Arts in the western hemisphere, and possessing a range of eight galleries, which

they have lately erected, that for perfect adaptation to the purposes intended, have been hitherto unequalled. The opportunities of the Philadelphia artists have been nearly as good, but their imbecility as a body, and want of *esprit de corps* seem to render their case hopeless. In what manner it operates thus injuriously, will be shown at a more suitable time; for the present, we will pass at once to the continuation of our rapid survey of the works, noticing a portion only of the most deserving. The large number of objects, and the circumscribed space left us, forbid a more extended review.

We left off at near the opening of the Northeast Gallery, and now proceed with—

No. 92. *Sea-shore. Painted by Thomas Birch. Owned by A. H. Briscoe.* It is matter of regret that there should be so little by Birch in the present exhibition; and this is one of the earlier productions of his pencil, which are now beginning to be a good deal sought after, as they deserve to be; for they possess the truthfulness of his later and present styles united, with a vigour and masterly decision of handling, that is not often observable in his more careful and patient practice now.

No. 91. *Don Quixote in his Study. Painted by Lohroter. H. Paul Beck, proprietor.* This is a pretty good picture; but has a dull, heavy, snuff-coloured hue, from the want of a little blue somewhere, and of a stronger and purer light in a small portion of the work.

No. 99. *A Farmer Whetting his Scythe. Painted by W. S. Mount.* By no means equal to what Mr. Mount was accustomed to exhibit in years back; indeed, the best things Mr. Mount has painted, are those earlier works of his, which created such an interest about fifteen years since.

No. 95. *Portrait of a Gentleman. Painted by D. Huntington. Mrs. Harmstead, possessor.* A capitally painted head; and, although in quite a low tone, it is warm and fresh from the relief which the peculiar colour of the background affords to the flesh tints.

No. 105. *The Recovery. Painted by Carl Hübner.* The general arrangement of the painting is good, and the painting is in a firm, bold style, while true as an imitation of objects, resulting from the excellent practice of copying directly from nature. Although not equal to the work by this artist in the next room, already noticed, it required more knowledge and skill in its execution. The principal figure of the group—the invalid—is very luminous, both in light and colour; and, to enhance it as much as possible, Hübner has on one side brought down the cool colour of the background by means of the slate-coloured dress of the lady standing, while on the other side, the dark of the background is in like manner brought down, and focused as it were, in the still stronger dark of the dress of the physician feeling the girl's pulse.

No. 110. *A View looking southwest from Nemi, Italy, with the Lake of Nemi, Town of Gengarno, and Mediterranean Sea in the distance. Painted by J. F. Cropsey.* Although a very fine landscape, by no means equal to several we have seen by this artist. An imitator of Cole, he yet bids fair to surpass his prototype. The sky is superbly painted, as well as are also many portions of the landscape itself; but the picture wants atmosphere, which is far too transparent even for the translucent skies of Italy. Cropsey is yet a very young man, but is unquestionably entitled to a place in the very foremost rank of American landscape painters.

No. 113. *Murray's Defence of Toleration*. Painted by Peter F. Rothermel. This is a glorious picture; the scene is thus described by Sir Walter Scott, in his History of Scotland: "But when, on the Sunday after Mary's landing, preparations were made to say mass in the royal chapel, the reformers said to each other, 'Shall that idol, the mass, again take place within this kingdom? It shall not!' The young master of Lindsay, showing in youth the fierceness of spirit which animated him in after life, called out in the courtyard of the royal palace, that the idolatrous priest should die the death according to God's law. The prior of St. Andrew's (afterwards Earl Murray), with great difficulty, appeased the tumult and protected the priests, whose blood would otherwise have been mingled with their sacrifice." Every portion of the canvass is crowded full of matter, and yet such is the skill displayed in the grouping of the figures, and the masterly distribution of light and shade, that there is no confusion. The composition embraces at once the ceremony proceeding within the chapel, and the excited conflict outside. This is decidedly the best picture that Rothermel has yet executed. In the foreground group he appears to have expended the whole force of his palette. The red dress on the left of the picture has all the intense depth and brilliancy of stained glass, and yet the harmony is perfect. The figure of Murray, especially, attracts the attention as an exquisite piece of fine painting. The artist has introduced incidentally a piece of cutting satire, in good keeping with the main subject. To the right of the picture, shrinking into a corner of the rich carvings of the church, sits a poverty-stricken woman with her child, the haggard and famished looks of the half-clad mother, appealing in vain to the zealots about her, disregarded amidst the fierce conflict of sectarian strife. Then, as now, we see Churchianity oblivious of Christianity, and the first essentials of the truly Christian character utterly displaced by their opposites.

No. 119. *Landscape*. Painted by F. Brenhaus de Groot. With much that is admirable, this landscape can scarcely be regarded as a successful effort of the artist, supposing him to be the same who painted the excellent marine piece (No. 51) already noticed. The sky is beautifully painted, but in the trees, with the exception of the more distant ones, there is a tendency to that hardness of manner so frequently observable in German pictures; besides, the general effect of a picture is almost invariably sacrificed when the attention of the artist is so much devoted to microscopic details. Take, for instance, the centre group of trees in the work now under consideration; supposing the rule to be true, that the main trunk of a tree near the ground should be equal in bulk to the united thickness of all the other branches, then how much too small is the lower part of the principal tree to sustain the superincumbent weight of the branches above. We remember to have seen a good picture, in which there were six toes on one foot, all painted with excessive elaboration. This results from turning the art into a dead drudgery, through mechanical elaboration of subordinate parts. Unfortunately the style is one that always has delighted, and always will delight those who have only a smattering of knowledge in art. The piece would have been much better, had the foreground been painted in a more decided and vigorous manner.

No. 126. *Rural Scene, with figures and cattle*. Painted by V. D. S. Bakhuizen. In the possession of H. Townsend. A very admirable picture, as all of that artist's are; but to see one of them is to see all; it is difficult to persuade one's self that this identical work has not been exhibited here the last two preceding seasons. It is still the same thing over and over again, only transposed. The cluster of vegetation in the corner to the right, is most beautifully painted; and so are the trees to the left. The cattle, though well, are not quite equal to those in his former picture seen here.

No. 132. *Luther Burning the Pope's Bull*. Painted by Marstersteig. In the possession of Goupil, Vibert & Co.

"When the bull of condemnation arrived in Germany, it found a whole nation in a state of ebullition. Luther, on the 10th of December, 1520, publicly burnt the Pope's anathema, amid the exulting shouts of the people; and, on the same day, wrote to Spalatin: 'This day, the 10th of December, in the year of our Lord, 1520, at nine o'clock in the morning, were burnt at Wittemberg, at the east gate, opposite the Church of the Holy Cross, all the Pope's books, the rescripts, the decretals of Clement the VI., the extravagants, the new bull of Leo X., the *Somna Angelica*, the *Crysophasus* of Eck, and some other productions of his, and of Esmer's. This is something new, I wot.'"

This picture (which illustrates the above passage from Michelet's "Life of Luther") and Rothermel's "Defence of Toleration," are, perhaps, the most meritorious works (of the new collection) in the exhibition. Both are noble subjects, and worthily treated. Not that Mastersteig's painting is to be compared with Rothermel's, either for colour, delicacy, or freedom of execution; but it possesses solid merits in general construction, varied and agreeable interlocking of groups, and dramatic arrangement of the action, altogether displaying great knowledge of the art. The figures are too much matted together, and of one tone of colour; and there are too many repetitions of heads studied from the same model.

No. 130. *Infantile Caresses*. Painted by C. L. Müller. In the possession of Goupil, Vibert & Co. A capital picture, by the author of the "Liberty," in last year's exhibition. The light and shade is broad and effective, and the execution bold, but the drawing loose and careless. It probably makes no pretensions to be more than a mere sketch. There is a piquant grace and arch expression about the child that is worthy of Correggio.

No. 137. *A Lady at Toilet*. Painted by H. Rigaud. In the possession of J. L. Claghorn. A remarkably truthful study from common-place nature, mellowed into harmonious unity of tone by the effects of time. The right arm and hand are certainly very beautiful.

No. 142. *Convalescence*. Painted by Waldmüller. Goupil, Vibert & Co., proprietors. If Waldmüller's reputation had not been already established here by the exhibition last season of his picture of the "School Letting Out," there is little probability that it would be accomplished by this, and it is rather a hopeful sign of an improving taste in the community that the "Convalescence" has attracted so little attention. His chief excellence appears to consist in ability to delineate children, for there is in this work a group of two little girls, remarkably picturesque and beautiful in action and general design, and every way worthy of comparison with the best parts of the "School," but in all else it is false and commonplace, except in the face of the old man, which, upturned towards the sky, is finely expressive of thankfulness at the restored liberty to again breathe the fresh air out of doors. In other respects his figure is very ill-drawn,—the lines of form being quite inconsistent with the action intended to be represented. The imitation of the texture and appearance of a stuff called velveteen, of which a portion of his dress is composed, is inimitable, but unfortunately everything besides is made to have precisely the same texture, whether flesh, herbage, masonry, or whatever else. But there is a tree that bears strong resemblance to what would be the appearance of iron wire bent into a poor imitation of branches. The minute, elaborate smoothness of manner of this artist is apt to be very popular, especially with the multitude, who mistake mere smoothness for high finish, than which there never was a greater error, for instances enough exist of execution, apparently the roughest, being combined with the most admirable finish and truthfulness of representation, and as many of smooth painting, that are vague, vapid, and empty.

No. 147. *Portrait of a Boy*. Painted by S. B. Waugh. In the possession of William Dully. A masterly and beautiful specimen of portraiture, probably the best in the exhibition. Picturesque and bold in the attitude and

design, forcible in its contrasts of light and shadow, and finished with a tenderness and delicacy of touch that will render it as popular with the million as with the critical.

No. 145. *Pulermo*. Painted by Paul Weber. William Dulty, proprietor. The best painted as well as the most agreeable portion of this picture is the centre of the lower part, including the woman and child, together with the small tree with the sun shining through the foliage; the sky and distance is inclined to be heavy, and wanting in those delicate pearly hues so charming in nature, and so necessary to produce an agreeable effect in the distances of a landscape.

No. 149. *Summer Evening on the border of a Lake*. Painted by Idelphonse Stocquart. The sky of this picture is excessively disagreeable, but much of the landscape is brilliantly and forcibly painted, and glows with a rich, warm, sunny light;—it is wrought up to a very high state of finish. The three trees on the left are singularly and unfortunately parallel to each other; otherwise finely executed.

No. 150. *Scene in Midsummer Night's Dream*. Painted by Peter F. Rothermel. Owned by C. M. Robinson. The passage of this charming play which our artist has chosen to illustrate reads thus:—

"Come sit thee down upon this flowery bed
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

"Bottom.—Where's Peas-blossom?

"Peas.—Ready.

"Bot.—Scratch my head, Peas-blossom;—where's Monsieur Cobweb?

"Cob.—Ready.

"Bot.—Monsieur Cobweb—good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur,—and, good monsieur, have a care that the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior."

We congratulate the proprietor of this beautiful picture on the possession of so fine a specimen of Rothermel's genius. It would make such an admirable companion to Leutze's "Poet's Dream," in the Carey collection, that it is matter of regret that the two pictures should be apart. There is a charm in the colouring of this painting that is truly fascinating, the more so, that it is in such perfect keeping with the sentiment of the poem, the dewy freshness and mellow, pearly hues of the moonlit landscape relieves while it harmonizes with the fine flesh tones of Titania's Inamorata. Puck, quaint, mirthful, and mischievous, sits on the dewy leaves of a gigantic mullen, while light and graceful sylphs float zephyr-like amidst the hanging branches.

No. 155 is another fine example of Hamilton. To describe its characteristics would be only to repeat what has been before said of this artist, but the picture is too good to pass altogether unnoticed. Mr. Thomas A. Andrews is the owner.

No. 164. *The Horse Market*. By H. Bürkel. This picture fully confirms the criticism on No. 68; it is a mere imitation of Wouwerman's.

No. 160. *Portrait of a Lady*. By J. R. Lambdin. E. F. Dennison, proprietor. Decidedly the best picture by this artist that we have ever seen.

No. 167. *A Storm Rising*. Painted by H. Bürkel. A good general effect; painted with a free oily facility of touch. The foreground has even more than the usual German hardness and formality of manner. The water is opaque, the tufts of grass bear a striking resemblance to tied bundles of asparagus, while the rocks, placed with careless care, are singularly uniform in size and shape.

No. 163. *View of the Highlands—Entrance to the Bay of*

New York, taken from Long Island Shore; painted by G. W. Bonfield, in the possession of S. Wright. Is the best by this artist in the exhibition, and has the advantage of appearing more than usually like a natural scene. The water, as it breaks on the beach, is very truthfully depicted. The rain-cloud introduced might have been made available as a means of powerful effect, without being less natural, had it been treated with less timidity.

No. 166. *The Village School*. Painted by H. J. Boddington. H. Paul Beck, possessor. A beautiful study from one of those sweet, sequestered little nooks, that Boddington loves to paint. This is far from being one of his best; it is truthful, but wants brilliancy.

No. 171. *Portrait of a Lady*. By T. Sully. Dr. Kreeker, proprietor. It is surprising how much beauty of colour, variety, and strength of light and shade, and graceful elegance of position, Sully contrives to assemble on these small head canvasses. By running off the lines in the vignette-manner, he avoids the appearances of a large picture cut down, which would otherwise be the case, unless the form is oval.

No. 177. *Full-length Portrait of a Lady*. Painted by S. B. Waugh. Mrs. Captain Page, proprietor. We greatly miss Waugh's attractive fancy pieces from the walls of the gallery this season. The painting of the figure in this picture is excellent; but the riding-habit is a costume unfavourable for the display of a graceful form, owing, in part, to the excessive amplitude of the lower portion of the drapery, concealing the position of the feet.

The North Gallery is entirely occupied with what may be regarded as the stock pictures of the Academy, which, although among the best in the collection, are so well known, and have been so frequently noticed already, as to need no farther comment.

In the Northwest, or Statue Gallery, the only thing new worthy of mention, is the small marble statue of Autumn, in the possession of John A. Brown; it is one of a series representing the four seasons, by Erno Wolff, said to be portraits of Queen Victoria's children. This figure is crowned with ivy, and leans against a tree, round which is entwined a vine loaded with grapes. He holds in one hand a cup, which he appears to have filled from a vase grasped by the other. The style is less classic than the works of Steinhauser, in the same apartment, but more full and flowing in outline.

"The Hero and Leander," and the "Psyche," have each already formed the subject of an article in this magazine. The two fine statues of the Bacchante, by Cerrachi, and the Castings of the Gate of the Baptistery at Florence, by Lorenzo Ghiberti (which latter, from their beauty, Michael Angelo declared were worthy to be the gates of Paradise), need no additional notice.

The last of the galleries, exclusive of the Rotunda, is the southeast; in which are assembled, besides those old pictures called masters, "great old masters," (a portion of which are, as pictures, intrinsically worthless), we have West's Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple, The Anconda attacking a Man and Horse, by Ward (which, by the way, is one of the very finest pictures in Philadelphia), and a few others noteworthy, but that have been here some time. On each side of the north door is a new picture; one, a view of Dresden, by E. Koster, tolerable, but tame; the other, a view from the Crow's Nest, North River; a well painted landscape, by Weber. In the southeast corner of the gallery, a situation far too obscure for so fine a picture, hangs "The Death of Abel," by Ed. Du Jardin. It is divided into three compartments; the centre, which is the largest, and contains the main subject, represents "Adam and Eve finding the inanimate body of Abel;" while on the left hand division, an angel conducts the soul of Abel to the abodes of the Just, and in the other we see depicted Cain in the power of Satan, in consequence of his crime. These paintings, composed almost wholly of nude figures, display consummate skill in the drawing of the human form, and matured knowledge of design and composition. The painting of Abel, in the

centre picture, presents an example of difficulties overcome, and of masterly management. The head of Abel is supported on the arm of his mother, who, half in terror, seems eagerly to question Adam on the unwonted pallor and coldness of her son. Adam grasps in wondering anxiety the rigid hand, while doubt and fear are finely expressed on his countenance. It is in singular taste to adorn the dress of the angel with a breastpin or brooch, carefully imitated from an article ordinarily sold by the jewellers, and the dress itself reminds one too much of the Paris fashions. We are informed that these pictures came so late that the arrangement was nearly completed, and the cataloguing far advanced. This is the reason they have no better situation in the exhibition.

It remains but to say a few words of the works in the Rotunda, and, as these are chiefly what have been a long time there, composing, in part, the permanent collection of the institution, and so often commented on before, we shall pass rapidly to a conclusion. Against the door leading into the North Gallery, are several daguerreotypes of crayon drawings, made from life by W. H. Furness, Jr. These drawings must have been exquisitely beautiful, judging by these copies from them; and a few of the life-size drawings we have just seen among the latest productions of this highly talented young artist, show the most decided improvement, and even more than fulfil the promise of his early efforts. Against the door opening into the East Gallery, are the miniatures; most unfavourably situated for the display of works of so delicate a nature. Those by Brown are quite numerous; some of them very good examples of that artist's abilities. Those opposite, by Saunders, are equally numerous; but all betray so great a decline from his performances of a few years back, that many have doubted whether they were really his.

Within the Rotunda are some specimens of crayon drawing, of life-size heads, by Collier, not equal to some by him exhibited elsewhere. That of Henry C. Carey, the newly-elected President of the Philadelphia Art-Union, looks too old, is deficient in that compact, alert, and healthy tone, so remarkably characteristic of the expression in the talented original. Between Collier's drawings, is one in water-colours, by Turner,—not one of his random hints, coarsely smudged in,—but a careful study from nature, full of poetry and truth. Unfortunately, it begins to appear a little faded. There is reason to believe, and experience appears to support the supposition, that the colours of a drawing once faded, may be restored by carefully excluding the light and air for a considerable length of time. The loss of a drawing like this of No. 386, should be matter for serious regret. It is owned by D. M. Robinson, Esq.

Among the sculpture, are the four figures by Thom, illustrating Tam O'Shanter; about which the people of London, and all the other cities where they were exhibited, were at one time nearly crazy. Their day is over now; the only thing for which they are remarkable, is, that a journeyman stonecutter, without the slightest opportunity for acquiring an artistic education, should be able to accomplish so much. So far, it is evidence of undoubted genius. But as *art* it is valueless. The entrance to the beautiful cemetery at Laurel Hill, is rendered ludicrous by the group of Walter Scott and Old Mortality, by the same hand. Brackett, the sculptor, has several fine busts; one of them, in marble, being of our talented contributor George H. Boker, Esq. Those of Longfellow and Bryant are admirable. Near the door of entrance are three exquisite bronzes, belonging to Mr. Dreer, one of them of Benvenuto Cellini, in a peculiarly quaint, and yet noble style of art, just what it should be for the genius it represents; another by the same artist (whose name, by the way, does not appear), a companion figure to the savage Florentine; and the third, of an Indian huntress, rather French, but classic and beautiful, and evidently by a different hand from the other two.

Neither time nor space will permit a more extended

notice, the reason why so many works of merit have had to be passed without a word.

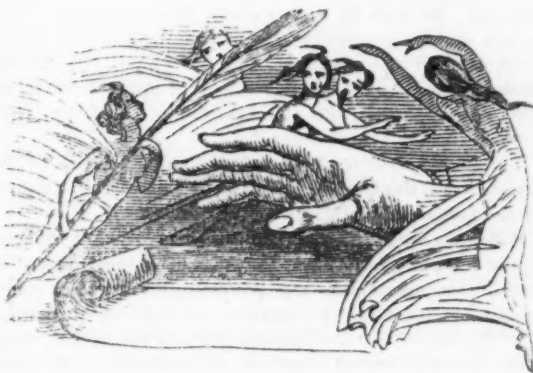
J. S.

P.S. Just as we are going to press, we have received a letter from one of the most eminent of our American artists in reference to the first part of our review of the Annual Exhibition, in the July Number. We trust our readers will excuse us for inserting a part of this letter, by way of apology for the space which we have devoted to the subject.

"I have just seen your notices of some of the pictures of the present exhibition of the Academy, and think that they are very excellent. There is with us so much ignorant criticism on art, that when one meets with truly well-informed and liberal views of this intricate subject, it is delightful and encouraging, and without such a tribunal we should have no hope. Your constant distinction between what is merely mechanical, correct, and unexceptionable, and that which is elevated and poetical, is, I think, in these scientific and practical days, especially well-timed. I hope you may continue your remarks, for the good equally of art and artists.

"Respectfully yours,

"RUSSELL SMITH."



BOOK NOTICES.

THE GOSPEL ITS OWN ADVOCATE. By George Griffin, LL.D. Pages 352. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Among the countless subjects that are presented to the mind of man, what should be accounted of such momentous interest as those that affect his immortal destinies? The objects of sense array themselves before him, and arrest his attention. The shriek of the steam-engine, the tension of the telegraphic wires, the transit of the great, sailless ship over the ocean, attract his eye, and enchain his wonder. He listens—gazes—and, like the smoke whose curling volume he is noting, passes away. Has he made due provision for this change of being, and for an unending existence? Have his contemplations and habits fitted him for a purer, more exalted sphere? If not, and it were possible for him to have attained the mastership of this whole planet, how immeasurably would it be outweighed by one sigh of the lost soul?

The inspired volume offers itself as the only sure guide of his brief and oft-beclouded pilgrimage. Still, like a wayward pupil, he is prone to question its authenticity, or to distrust its exponents. Of its consecrated teachers he sceptically says it is their profession so to speak; it is the policy of the pulpit to uphold the gospel. Let the arguments in support of Christianity be stated by those who are not in league with it, through self-interest, necessities of subsistence, or hope of preferment.

In the work now under consideration these objections are obviated. The examination to which its pages are devoted is so conducted as to disarm prejudice, and to enlighten honest inquiry. It records the convictions of a rich and mature mind disciplined by the severest processes of jurisprudence, accustomed candidly to weigh, sift, and adjust contending claims, to throw words into the crucible, and through all their fermentations watch for the

witnessings of truth. Its arguments are logically arranged, and clearly and closely reasoned. The plan and structure are so symmetrical, that it is difficult to adduce any concise extract as a satisfactory specimen of its style and spirit. The following sentences occur in the course of a forcible exposition of the "Morality of the Gospel."

"Beneficence was a stranger to polytheism. Classic antiquity had no schools for the poor, no hospitals for the diseased, no Howard for the prison-houses. She left to heartless avarice, steeled even against parental and filial ties, the lives of her helpless infants and her aged. Her favourite recreations were gladiatorial murders. If she visited distant climes it was to slaughter the doomed inhabitants, or make them slaves. With the mighty hope of renovating a fallen race her bosom never glowed.

"The Gospel commands us to overcome the world. The conquest enjoined is not like that to which Napoleon aspired, and which the son of Philip achieved. The world to be conquered is the little world within ourselves. Such victory is more illustrious than was ever accomplished by 'garments rolled in blood.' 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' It was an adage of lettered antiquity, that a good man struggling with adverse fortune was a spectacle recreating even to the gods. But man's most glorious achievement is the mastery of himself. He who, by divine grace, can successfully say to the stormy passions of his own soul, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed,'—is an object upon whom not the false gods of polytheism, but the Jehovah of the Bible, can look down with complacency."

The second chapter, devoted to the subject of the "Promulgation of the Gospel," opens with a powerful analysis of the motives of an infidel writer.

"Had his candour equalled his capacity, Edward Gibbon would have stood almost at the head of uninspired historians. His imagination was powerful, his intellect comprehensive, his memory retentive, his industry untiring. His 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' occupied twenty years of the meridian of his life. It is, perhaps, the most erudite of historical compositions. Its author was master alike of the treasures of secular and of ecclesiastical learning. His great work reached back to the birth of our Saviour, and downward almost to the era of the Reformation. Christianity met him at every stage of his progress along the track of time. No writer, lay or clerical, ever possessed a more thorough knowledge than he did, of the circumstances attending the rise and spread of our holy religion. He was moved to a searching exploration of its primitive annals, by a motive not common to literary men. Though wearing the mask of friendship to the Gospel, he hated it with the most perfect hatred. He could 'smile and murder while he smiled.' How little did it become the dignity of the historian and the philosopher to substitute for the sword of the honourable combatant the stiletto of the muffled assassin!

"Had there been any defect in the foundations of the Christian superstructure—had not Jesus Christ been a real personage, crucified at Jerusalem in the reign of Tiberius, by the sentence of Pontius Pilate—had not the books composing the New Testament been actually published at the time they purport to have been published,—the inquisitive and vindictive infidel would have detected and exposed the imposture to the contempt and execration of mankind. If anything impugning the scriptural narratives could have been gleaned from contemporaneous history, or from any Jewish or heathen writings whatsoever, his never-sleeping rancour would have discovered and proclaimed it to the four winds of heaven."

In the volume before us, the force of a ruling intellect and the conclusions of a long life are embodied. The research and studious toil that it evinces were prompted neither by self-interest nor thirst of fame. The applause of the multitude, to a man occupying the eminent position of the learned author, can have little novelty, and less value. Bearing the ripened wisdom of more than three-

score years and ten, such echoes are as the spent billow breaking at the feet of one who, in the words of a poet,

"Walks thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean he must sail so soon."

We welcome this able, eloquent vindication of the truth of our Holy Gospel, wherein is our hope. We commend it to the popular mind, a desire for whose highest good was the element that gave it birth. We thank the distinguished jurist, who might so easily have taken from the wide range of science or the familiar archives of history, a theme more in accordance with the taste and spirit of a mercurial age, but who chose rather to devote the concentrated lights of experience to the elucidation of the "Law and the Testimony," and to lay the laurels of a laborious and honoured life at the foot of the Cross.

CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR. By Charles J. Peterson. Peterson is one of our best writers of historical fiction. His delineations are true to history, and at the same time have that dramatic character which takes effectual hold of the imagination. "Cruising in the Last War" was published some years since in *Graham's Magazine*, where it had a successful run. In its present more permanent and improved form, it will no doubt have a still more abundant success. For sale by T. B. Peterson.

MILMAN'S GIBBON'S ROME. Phillips, Sampson & Co. of Boston, continue to issue at stated intervals the successive volumes of this standard work. Vols. IV., V., and VI. have been received from Peterson, who keeps all of Phillips and Sampson's publications.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. This work thus far has the reputation of being Mr. Thackeray's most successful effort, being generally pronounced decidedly superior to "Vanity Fair." It is to be completed in seven numbers, and has already reached the fifth. Published by Harpers. Price 25 cents each number, and for sale by Dewitt & Davenport, New York.

GIBBON'S ROME. Harpers' Edition. We have referred already to this neat, convenient, and very cheap edition of Gibbon. Let not those of our readers who have not seen the book, infer from the word which we have italicized, that it is like the books ordinarily sold under the name of "cheap literature." On the contrary, while handsome enough for a dear book, it is the cheapest book now to be had in the market,—as cheap, almost, as *Sartain's Magazine*!

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. Blackwood in these days seems to be given up, soul and body, to the demolishing of "Free Trade." We expect it, of course, to maintain ultra-tory principles so far as it deals in politics at all. But at present it deals in little else. At least four-fifths of the last number are violent political articles. The new *Dies Boreales*, however, from old Christopher, are of themselves worth the price of the book. Lord Palmerston's Greek policy is assailed with great bitterness, both in a regular essay on the subject, and in a biting satirical poem entitled "The Modern Argonauts." For sale by Zieber, Philadelphia.

CARLYLE'S LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. Number V. of this curious series of essays is entitled "Stump-Orator." Mr. Carlyle seems to want everybody (qu.—himself included?) to stop talking and writing, and to cram with ideas, avoiding, as the plague, all expression of one's thoughts either by tongue or pen. If everybody's thoughts were as vague and misty as those of the "Latter-day Pamphlets," we should say Amen to this advice.

THE BOSTON MELODEON. By B. F. Baker & L. H. Southard. Boston: Elias Howe. The remarkable success of the first and second volumes of the Melodeon is perhaps the best guarantee of the character of the third. This volume is a collection of secular melodies, one hundred and twenty in number, consisting of songs, glees, rounds, catches, &c., arranged and harmonized for four voices. Price \$1 00.

SIX MONTHS IN THE GOLD MINES. By E. Gould Buffum.

Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 172 pp. 12mo. Paper covers—Price 50 cents. Mr. Buffum, formerly connected with the New York press, has been a resident of California for three years. He was lieutenant in Col. Stevenson's regiment of New York State Volunteers, who sailed for California on the 26th of September, 1846, under orders from the Secretary of War. The detachment to which he belonged was disbanded in September, 1848, when to a man, they set out for the *placers*. Mr. Buffum is still there, but he has sent home his notes of "Six Months in the Gold Mines." These notes do not aim at the niceties of logic or rhetoric, but give additional and valuable information to those who seek it respecting this most wonderful region.

THE MINER'S DAUGHTERS is the title of a very beautiful tale by William Howitt, published in Dickens's "Household Words," and republished in pamphlet form by Dewitt & Davenport of New York. Price 6 cents.

STORIES FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS. Stringer & Townsend of New York have commenced reprinting the stories from Dickens's "Household Words." The Miner's Daughters, and Loaded Dice have been received. Price 12½ cents. For sale by Zieber.

THREE STRONG MEN. By Alexander Dumas; translated by Fayette Robinson. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. Any work emanating from Dumas must possess power. The present work is said to be one of peculiar interest.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW. This, if not the ablest of the foreign Reviews, is the one most generally acceptable to Americans, because of its very evident republican tendencies. The articles in the last number are Theory of Beauty, Persian Inscriptions and Ballads, The Liberty of Rome, The Industrial Exhibition of 1851, Equity Reform, Poems of Ebenezer Elliott, Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific, Relief Measures, The Church of England, Critical and Miscellaneous Notices, &c., &c. Published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York, and for sale by Zieber, Philadelphia, who keeps all of Scott's republications.

HINTS TOWARDS REFORMS. By Horace Greeley. New York: Harpers. 400 pp. 12mo. Mr. Greeley's opinions and his manner of enforcing them are so widely known through the columns of his own paper, *The Tribune*, that it would seem superfluous to attempt an exposition of them here. His name and style and sentiments are so familiar that we could hardly believe the statement in his preface, that this is his first appearance as the author of a book. The readers of his book will recognise at once all the qualities which so distinguish him as a magazinist and an editor. He is ever earnest, ever forcible, a lover of truth more than of beauty, who aims to be understood rather than to be admired, who never sacrifices facts for the sake of rhetorical flourish, or blinks an opinion because it is odious. The book is made up chiefly of lectures delivered before popular lyceums, and other similar associations. There are also some essays collected from the columns of the *Tribune*, and from other periodicals. The doctrines inculcated in these essays and lectures are thus summed up by the author himself;—"that every human being is morally bound, by a law of our social condition, to leave the world somewhat better for his having lived in it—that no one able to earn bread has any moral right to eat without earning it—that the obligation to be industrious and useful is not invalidated by the possession of wealth, nor by the generosity of wealthy relatives—that useful doing in any capacity or vocation is honourable and noble, while idleness and prodigality, in whatever stations of life, are base and contemptible—that every one willing to work has a clear social and moral right to the opportunity to labour and to secure the fair recompense of such labour, which society cannot deny him without injustice—and, finally, that these truths demand and predict a comprehensive Social Reform, based upon, and moulded by their dictates."

BYRNE'S DICTIONARY of Mechanics, Engine-work, and Engineering. Appletons. No. XI. of this excellent and useful work has been received from the publishers.

NINEVEH, MESOPOTAMIA, SYRIA, AND ASSYRIA. By the Rev. J. P. Fletcher. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1 vol. 12mo. 366 pp. Nineveh is at this time the California of antiquaries. The mouldering ruins along the banks of the Euphrates are explored with a zeal scarcely inferior to that with which the gold-digger delves among the hills and streams around San Francisco. Mr. Layard's books, so far from sating, have only excited the public appetite for more upon the same absorbing subject. Among the latest and not the least interesting is the work just quoted. Mr. Fletcher writes in a very kindly spirit towards the unfortunate Nestorian and Jacobite Christians, so cruelly massacred by the Kurds, and the influence of his book will be to create for these Oriental Churches a livelier sympathy among the churches of Great Britain and America.

ERMAN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA. Translated from the German by W. D. Cooley. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 371, 400. Adolph Erman, the author of these volumes, is one of that illustrious corps of scientific travellers of which Humboldt is the head. There is indeed one point in which Erman may with special propriety be named in connexion with his distinguished countryman. The labours of the former in exploring and making known the wonders of the polar regions must be now accepted as a suitable and necessary supplement to Humboldt's account of the regions around the Equator. Erman's travels are in truth a philosophical survey—and the only one we have—of the great northern circumpolar regions. His book contains much and various information of a commercial nature, as in the chapters relating to the trade carried on from the frontiers of Siberia to Bokhara, the fisheries of the Obi, the mineral riches of the Ural, the fossil ivory in the valley of the Lena, &c. Among the scientific matters brought to light may be named the discovery of a Siberian magnetic pole, the decrease of the atmospheric pressure, as indicated by the barometer, towards Okhotsk, &c.

CARPENTER ON ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 8vo. pp. 204. This powerful essay is the result of a splendid prize of one hundred guineas offered last year by some friend of temperance in Great Britain, for the best dissertation on the use of alcoholic liquors in health and disease. Dr. Carpenter, the successful competitor, is a professor in the University of London, and the author of a work on "Human Physiology." The prize was awarded by a committee of some of the most eminent physicians in England. The essay is written in a temperate spirit, by one in the character of an inquirer rather than of a partisan, but is not wanting in emphasis upon the vital principles of the Temperance movement. The friends of that cause will find it a valuable addition to their available means for influencing the popular mind.

GOBAT'S ABYSSINIA. *Journal of Three Years' Residence in Abyssinia.* By the Rev. Samuel Gobat. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1 vol. 12mo. 480 pp. With a Portrait. Mr. Gobat, now Bishop of Jerusalem, and for several years previous a missionary in Abyssinia, is well known throughout the Christian world for his extraordinary talents and his equally remarkable zeal and humility as a teacher of the gentiles. In the opinion of Dr. Baird—a judge every way competent—Mr. Gobat is quite equal in his way to Henry Martin, the great pioneer of foreign missions. The present volume contains Mr. Gobat's journal of his residence and missionary labours among the Abyssinians, translated by the Rev. Sereno D. Clark, with a biographical memoir of Mr. Gobat by Dr. Baird. It is printed in beautiful style, and is in all respects a very acceptable offering to the reading public. For sale by J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. No. XVII. of this superb edition, including the play of "King John," and an engraving of "Constance" by Rice and Buttre, has been received from T. B. Peterson, who keeps all of Phillips & Sampson's publications.

REGINALD HASTINGS; *A Tale of the Troubles in 164-*. By Eliot Warburton. 8vo. 138 pp., paper covers, price 25 cts. New York: Harpers. One of Harper's Library of Select Novels. The author has recently published an admirable historical work, "The History of Canada."

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. The second part of this beautiful work has been received from the publishers, the Harpers, and an admirable specimen it is of the arts of typography and wood engraving. As a pictorial book, this work is decidedly superior both to their "Shakespeare" and their "Bible."

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES. *A Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco in 1848.* By David Urquhart, M. P. 2 vols. small 8vo. Harpers. The author of these volumes hardly does himself justice in calling his work a book of "Travels." It is replete with learning and thought from sources vastly deeper and wider than the objects visited and described. These objects seem to have acted as occasions, rather than as sources of knowledge. They acted upon the author's mind like the small rod which connects surrounding bodies with the inner coating of a Leyden jar, and which discharges in a single moment the electricity accumulated from many sources and through an indefinite period. Mr. Urquhart is a man of extensive and very varied information, and of a mind independent and original in its way of thinking. His visit to Spain and Morocco has been the occasion of discharging upon the public the accumulations of many years of reading and studious reflection. An oriental bath causes an elaborate dissertation upon baths and bathing in general, of which it is difficult to say whether it is most sensible, witty, or learned. Many tomes would have to be explored to gain the curious and not uninteresting medley of knowledge that gushes forth from Mr. Urquhart's well-filled brain, on the occasion of his making a breakfast of muffins in one of the Barbary States. The best history of "Butter" extant is to be found in the same chapter, immediately following that of Muffins.

ARTHUR O'LEARY. By Charles Lever. T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, has issued this most humorous of Lever's works in one large volume, 8vo. paper covers, for the small price of 50 cents.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. Of all the great Foreign Reviews none is more distinguished than the North British for originality and force. There is not, indeed, all the elegance and gentlemanly scholarship to be found in some of the first class articles in the Edinburgh and London quarterlies. There is in many of its articles a very decided provincialism of thought and style. But, on the other hand, there is no affected dilletantism, no emaculate, man-milliner conceits. It is the organ of a party celebrated the world over for the strength of their convictions. That same force of character, which led to the Free Church of Scotland, shows itself plainly enough in the staunch, sledge-hammer logic of the North British Review. Its contributors seem to write, not for the sake of making brilliant periods, but because they have something to say. They are men of earnest convictions, to whom truth is something dearer than rhetoric. In the number of the work now before us, is a review of Ayton's Scottish Cavaliers, in which both Mr. Ayton and his "Cavaliers" are dissected with a hand that perfectly understands its trade, and that does not mince matters at all with the revilers of the "Covenanters." Among the other articles we notice "Edwin Chadwick," "Calvin," "Hunt's Poetry of Science," "Hunt's Fourth Estate," "Mahomet and the Koran," "Southey's Life," "The Jewish Theocracy," and "Lord Jeffrey." Published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York, and for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE DALTONS. By Charles Lever. Part II. of Harpers' edition has been received from the publishers.

THE GOLDEN SANDS. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 211 pp. 12mo. With illustrations by Croome. The book under this title contains two stories particularly suited for the correction of an error very prevalent at the present

time—the eager and unscrupulous pursuit of wealth, at the risk of all moral culture, all domestic happiness, and often of life itself.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC. By Alphonse de Lamartine. New York: Harpers. 1 vol. 8vo. 163 pp. Lamartine is not dead yet, politically, or otherwise. A man with such power of thought and expression as he possesses, and with a mind so essentially active, must make himself felt among the masses of his countrymen. If we mistake not, there is a reaction towards him even now. His idea of "The Republic," as promulgated and advocated in this present essay, will not be lost. It will be extensively read both among Frenchmen and foreigners, and will go far to recall the minds of all to the true position of France and of Frenchmen at this momentous crisis.

THE CONFESSIONAL. By John Henry Hopkins, D.D. Harpers. 1 vol. 12mo., 334 pp. The topic here discussed by Bishop Hopkins has been very learnedly handled by several of the great Protestant divines of the age immediately succeeding the Reformation; and has, also, been the subject of occasional pamphlets in more recent times. Still there has not been, until now, a full and fair examination of the matter, in a style suited to the wants of the present day, and to an extent commensurate with the importance of the subject. Bishop Hopkins asserts his belief that the exigencies of the Church require, at this time, a new and thorough examination of the whole field in dispute between Catholics and Protestants, in regard to this particular matter of the "Confessional." He has, accordingly, buckled himself to the task in the style of a man entering upon a serious undertaking, and has given the whole argument, historical and logical, with remarkable perspicuity and force.

CARLYLE'S LATTER DAY PAMPHLETS. No. 6 of Phillips & Sampson's Edition has been received from Zieber & Co. Mr. Carlyle, in his New Pamphlet on "Parliaments," does not seem to think much more of the great "National Palaver" than of "Downing Street."

THE FAITHFUL STEWARD. By the Rev. S. D. Clark. New York: M. W. Dodd. 140 pp. 18mo. This is an excellent and timely treatise on the duty of Systematic Benevolence. It was elicited by the offer of a reward of \$250 for the best essay on that subject, and was one of the four pieces adjudged equally to merit the reward.

HEROINES OF THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE. By Daniel C. Eddy. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 12mo. 359 pp. This truly acceptable volume contains brief memoirs of thirteen of the most distinguished female missionaries who have gone from the United States, to toil and suffer in heathen lands. The names of the women thus celebrated are Harriet Newell, Ann H. Judson, Esther Butler, Elizabeth Hervey, Harriet B. Stewart, Sarah L. Smith, Eleanor Macomber, Sarah D. Comstock, Henrietta Shuck, Sarah B. Judson, Annie P. James, Mary E. Van Lennep, and Emily C. Judson. It would be difficult to find a volume of biographies containing thirteen names, around which cluster so many touching associations as those that hallow the memories of these noble women. The volume is one of the most deeply interesting that has been lately issued from the press. For sale by A. Hart, Philadelphia.

COOPER'S NOVELS. Putnam's Edition. Mr. Cooper has given us a new tale under the title of "The Ways of the Hour." It is a political novel, the object of the author being to discuss certain political evils under the guise of fiction. We confess it is a style of writing to which we bear no partiality. We do not like argument in the shape of a love story, any more than we love to take pills in jelly. When we read politics, or metaphysics, or any other ics, let us have it in its own proper shape. But pray deliver us from all nauseous mixtures of love and logic. It is worse than sweetmeats and physic. But of the "Ways of the Hour." Mr. Cooper never writes twattle. What he says may be provoking, or erroneous, but it is never contemptible. In his present work he aims to upset the whole tenor of public opinion in regard

to the "Trial by Jury," and, we must confess, we find our ideas not a little disturbed. The subject has been presented in a light quite new, and if the same amount of argument had been presented as argument, and apart from the witchery of a fascinating story, we know not how far we might have acquiesced in the author's deductions. As it is, we can only say, we are always glad to meet Mr. Cooper, either as a novelist, or as a political essayist, but we have no fancy for literary, any more than social, amalgamation.

POEMS BY H. LADD SPENCER. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.* The publishers, in a prefatory note, inform us that "most of the poems in this collection were written in the days of the author's earliest childhood"—some in "his twelfth year, and many of the others at a period little less remote." This piece of information we take to be entirely gratuitous. One needs but to open the volume at random, to be assured of the fact here announced. The only wonder is that so much puerility should be sent into the world by one who has gone beyond his teens.

POEMS BY MARY SCRIMZEUR WHITAKER. *Charleston: John B. Nixson.* Mrs. Whitaker is already favourably known to the public by her contributions to the leading magazines. The poems which have thus appeared from time to time, together with many entirely new, are now collected and presented to the public, in a neat duodecimo volume of three hundred pages.

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA. *By Maj. W. C. Harris. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* 2 vols. 8vo; price \$1 in paper covers. These volumes are the fruit of an exploring expedition sent into Abyssinia a few years since by the British Government, partly for commercial purposes, and partly for the promotion of science. The mission was accompanied by the learned Dr. Roth as naturalist, and by eminent linguists, draughtsmen, and others, whose contributions form a valuable appendix in relation to the Natural History, Botany, Geology, Language, Chronology, &c., of Abyssinia. The whole work is one of great interest.

HYMNS FOR SCHOOLS. *By Charles D. Cleveland. New York: Mark H. Newman & Co.* Mr. Cleveland having learned from experience the necessity of a collection of hymns made expressly for schools, set himself to the preparation of such a work, and offers the present volume as the fruit of his labours. No one can form an adequate opinion of a text-book without using it. We can only say in the present instance, that from a somewhat cursory examination of the book, we are much prepossessed in its favour. The author has shown great diligence in the collection, and has brought together a very agreeable variety of lyrical pieces, many of them of the highest order of merit. We feel disposed, however, to enter a caveat upon the alterations made in some of these compositions. We doubt exceedingly the propriety of such a proceeding in making any collection of the kind; and whenever such changes are made, the alteration should always be distinctly noted. Another fault which we have to find, not only with Mr. Cleveland, but with almost all collectors of sacred lyrics, is the omission of the names of the authors. The omission of the name is an act of injustice to the author, and deprives the reader of much valuable information, and oftentimes of a high gratification.

LETTERS OF A TRAVELLER. *By William Cullen Bryant. New York: Putnam.* The letters composing this beautiful volume have been written on various occasions and from various countries, during the last fifteen years. Many of these letters have already appeared in some other form. As now collected, they might well bear the name of "Miscellanies." The reader is treated to the observations and opinions of one of the great magnates of literature, on subjects of almost every kind and hue, and if he fails to be both instructed and delighted, may be assured that the fault is elsewhere than in the book. It is indeed one of the most delightful books of the season.

THE ELLIOTT FAMILY. *By Charles Burdett. New York: Baker & Scribner.* Mr. Burdett writes the present story with a view to show the trials and miseries of the New

York sempstresses. He is entitled to our thanks for having given his time and abilities to the exposition of this subject. It is a subject that interests, not New York only, but every large city. The compensation for this kind of female labour is utterly inadequate, nor is there any prospect of its becoming better until the public mind, roused from its lethargy by such writers as Mr. Burdett, shall address itself seriously to the task of reform.

STANDISH THE PURITAN. *By Eldred Grayson. New York: Harper & Brothers.* We regret exceedingly our inability at present to do more than to announce this work. It is a tale of the American Revolution, by an author already favourably known by his contributions to the Knickerbocker.

TALBOT AND VERNON. *New York: Baker & Scribner.* We are in the same predicament in regard to this work as in regard to the former. It is a novel by an unknown hand, who, however, plainly knows well how to use the pen. The story has in view a special purpose—that of showing the validity of "circumstantial evidence." It is historical, including very recent events, such as the battles of Buena Vista and Monterey, and it aims to portray chiefly western life and manners. We are unable to express any further opinion in regard to its merits, not having been able to read the book. But the preface (which we have read) is one of more than common augury of good.

WOMAN'S WHIMS. *Translated from the French of Saintine by Fayette Robinson.* Mr. R. thinks the French literature has been sadly misjudged, in consequence of the very bad samples of it which have been given to the American public. He proposes to correct the misapprehension by translating from authors of a purer character than those who, unfortunately, are almost the only ones known in the United States. "Woman's Whims" is offered as a sample.

OEHLSCHLAGER'S GERMAN DICTIONARY. *Philadelphia: John Weik.* Mr. Oehlschläger is one of the most successful teachers of modern languages in Philadelphia, where he has been constantly employed for a long number of years in teaching his native tongue, the German, to citizens of almost all classes and ages. This long and eminently successful practice has given him unusual advantages for the preparation of a pocket dictionary suited to the wants of learners. The work is, moreover, beautifully printed, and very convenient as to size and general arrangements.

MONTAIGNE; THE ENDLESS STUDY, ETC. *By Alexander Vinet. New York: M. W. Dodd.* 12mo. 430 pp. We like everything that we have seen in this book, except the title-page, which is a perfect enigma. It should be called "Vinet's Miscellanies." That describes the book at once, as every title should do. Mr. Turnbull, the translator, and Mr. Dodd, the publisher, deserve the thanks and the substantial patronage of the public for making these admirable writings of Vinet accessible to American readers.

MOTHERS OF THE WISE AND GOOD. *By Jabez Burns, D.D. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.* It seems to be generally admitted that mothers have more to do with the shaping of the human character than fathers have. Whether this be accounted for physiologically, or whether it results from the fact that mankind at their most ductile period, during infancy and childhood, are under the almost exclusive care of the mother, the fact in either case seems to be generally admitted. Almost all great men have had remarkable mothers. With a view to illustrate this fact, and to draw from it partial lessons for the use of the present race of women, Dr. Burns has collected in a neat volume of about three hundred pages, biographical notices of the mothers of many great and good men. The book is one of peculiar interest and value.

THE MERCERSBURG REVIEW. The articles in the July Number of this able Magazine are "Melancthon and the Present," "Ecclesiastical Tendencies," "Modern Ballads, English and Scotch," "Bible Christianity," "The Birthday

of the Church," "Public Worship," and "*The Human Trinity*,"—the last article, we must say, about as thin and vapourish a piece of metaphysical moonshine as we have seen in many a day.

BYRNE'S DICTIONARY OF MECHANICS. We have received from the Appletons Part XII. of this excellent work.

THE OLD OAK CHEST. By G. P. R. James. We quote the title of another of James's exhaustless stock of novels, just issued by the Harpers, in their Library of Select Novels. Price 37½ cents, in paper covers.

GIBBON'S *ROME*. Now is the time for those who wish to get a really good copy of either Hume or Gibbon, at a price little more than nominal. Vol. II., of the latter, has just been received from the publishers, the Harpers. For sale, also, by Peterson.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. Part XVIII. of Phillips & Sampson's edition of Shakespeare has been received from T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia. It contains the play of Richard II., and an engraving of his Queen.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CORRECTION.—Mr. Sartain requests us to correct the error in our last number, in attributing to him the design of the tinted cut of Summer. He was absent from the city when the table of contents went to press, and as he had made the drawing of "*Spring*," it was naturally inferred that the Summer was also by him.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW. The brilliant review of Boker's Calaynos, in the January number of the Southern Review, is understood to be from the pen of James Lynd, Esq., of Philadelphia. From an intimation in the closing paragraph, we presume it will soon be followed by a review of "*Anne Boleyn*."

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE. Among the agreeable announcements which we have to make, is the project of a new weekly paper to be edited by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq., whose contributions to popular literature during the last few years have been so numerous and so well received. Mr. Arthur is a gentleman highly esteemed both by those who know him personally, and by those who know him only from his writings. The result of the acquaintance, in either case, is a thorough conviction of his possessing an abiding love of truth, a singularly amiable temper, candour both in the avowal of his own opinions, and in weighing those of others, and an enlarged sympathy towards his kind. May he have, in his new enterprise, a success commensurate with his most flattering wishes.

A NEW ANNUAL. Lippincott, Grambo & Co. are about to issue, early in the fall, an annual of a very splendid description, to be called "*THE IRIS*," in royal octavo, with four exquisite illuminations, and eight line engravings, entirely new, and executed in the finest London style by Heath & Mote. The literary matter, also, will be entirely original, and the whole work will be under the editorial superintendence of a gentleman well known to the readers of this Magazine. May we ask our friends to give the book a favourable consideration when the season comes for purchasing these beautiful tokens of affection?

LAMARTINE'S IMPROMPTU.—A correspondent has sent us the following:—

"If Lamartine could visit the suburbs of some of our cities, and see his ideas of building ruralized, he would be astonished at the strict observance paid to the first part of his directions, and the inattention to the last.

"He would see abundant instances, wanting both 'rule' and 'measure,' but with doors not 'to the earth,' and windows not 'to the heavens,' but opening in all possible directions, playing bo-peep with each other,—astronomical doors, and front-door windows.

"If one, innocent of the ways of these modern labyrinths, arriving after dark, should be bedded in one of those summer-house excrescences, on endeavouring to es-

cape in the morning, he would be more likely to find himself walking into the front parlour, or the kitchen garden, than into the breakfast-room. If he should innocently pull aside his curtain, to light up his face while shaving, he would probably be astonished to find himself opposite the principal drawing-room window, with two or three young ladies—early risers—staring at his night-cap.

"The rooms are somewhat like the crooked fence out west—(what a host of queer things they must have out west)—which don't let a hog out even if he gets through it!

"Much is sacrificed to bay windows, gable roofs, sausage-link brackets, &c.

"Build thou, without rule or measure;
Looking east, like a favoured hive,
Where bees store their honey treasure;
With door unto the ground, where thrive
Choice flowers, and window to the sky,
Where birds and clouds go sailing by."

"A. P. C."

THE UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY. There is no department of the general government, the operations of which give more entire satisfaction than those of the Coast Survey. Conducted on principles purely scientific, and with an activity and energy rarely seen in such undertakings, it has very fortunately been kept entirely aloof from the great maelstrom of politics, and has united in its support the most enlightened and influential men of all parties. Thus supported and confided in, the Superintendent is pushing forward the execution of his plans with a rapidity truly remarkable. The last annual report, just received, gives an admirable summary, both of the general progress of the Survey, and of the work done during the single year. We take from it a single extract.

"The number of actual discoveries made in the progress of the Coast Survey attests the necessity for it, and its value. It is not too much to say, that no part of the coast has been explored without important developments being made. Sometimes this is the result, no doubt, of changes, which it is not less important to know, to watch, and perhaps to control, than to have certain knowledge in regard to the permanent parts. Of course, the correct delineation of land, and representation of the depth of water, the information in regard to tides, currents, buoys, lighthouses, &c., constitute the most important results of the survey, and if not a single channel, shoal, or rock remained to be discovered, the positions of the known should be correctly represented. Sixteen distinct discoveries of note were enumerated in a report made by me to the Treasury Department in February, 1849, and these were besides the discoveries of single rocks, and the first sounding out of channels, or shoals. Important changes in the business relations of Mobile have resulted from the discovery of a channel of twenty-one feet in depth into the bay, made three years since. The past year has added the discovery of four shoals in the main ship channel over the Nantucket Shoals, the determination of the position of Cashe's Ledge on the coast of New England, the reconnaissance of Hatteras Cove and Hatteras Inlet, two harbours of refuge, formed within a few years, which, if locally known, or to pilots, were not generally known to navigators. How many lives may be saved by the distribution of these sketches of Hatteras Cove, Hatteras Inlet, and Bull's Bay?"

FREDRIKA BREMER. In our next number we shall publish a fine line engraving of this distinguished woman, from an original picture made for this purpose since her arrival in this country. In her own opinion it is the best likeness of her ever taken. The drawing is by Mr. Funnell. It is engraved by Mr. Kimber, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Sartain. It will be accompanied with a biographical notice from the pen of Miss Lynch.

Feb / 50

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.



MARTINE MAGRENE.



Martine Magrene

ENGRAVED BY GEMER FROM THE ORIGINAL BY W. H. FIRNESS, JUNR.

From her life depicted by the artist's pen.

24/50

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE



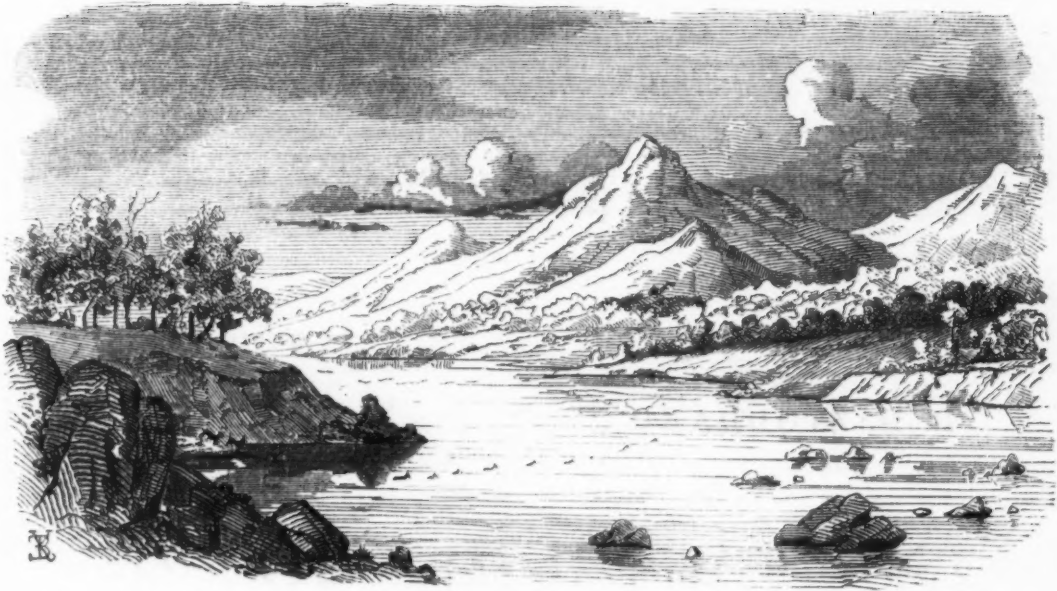
Engraved by J.W. Stoddard from an original Daguerrotype by N.S. Paine of Richmond, Va.

Taken from life expressly for this Magazine. — Transferred to stone and printed by P.S. DUVAL.

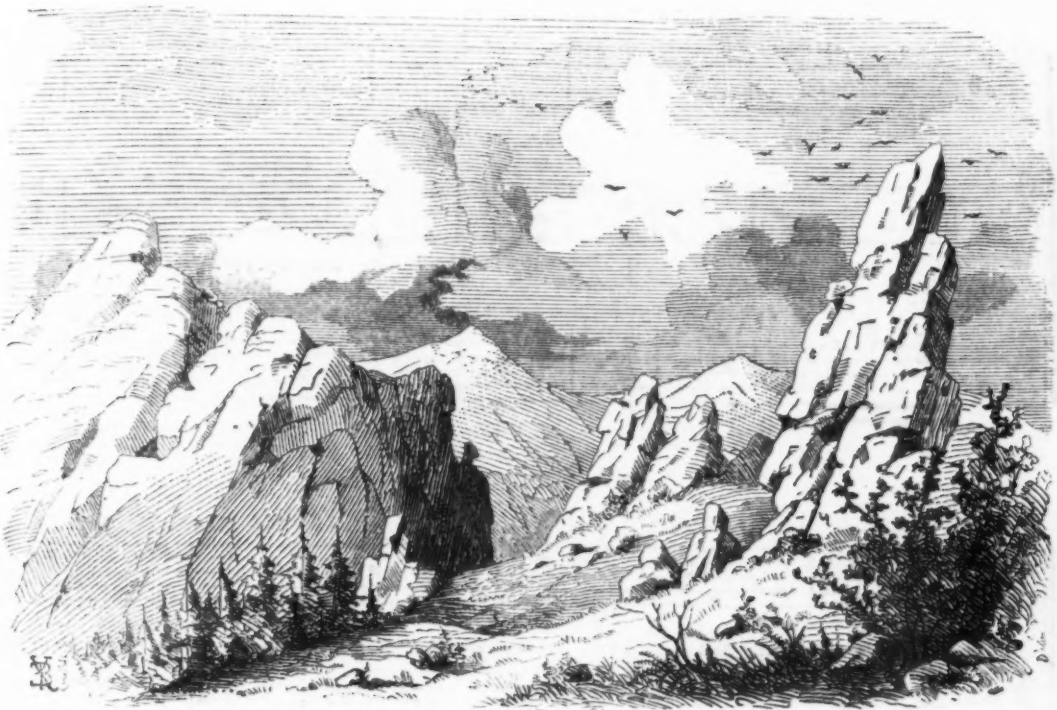
Millard Fillmore

Twelfth President of the United States.

24/2/50



CROSSING THE NEBRASKA OR PLATTE.



SOUTH PASS.

A Serenade.

WORDS BY

R. H. STODDARD.

MUSIC BY

E. W. NICHOLS.



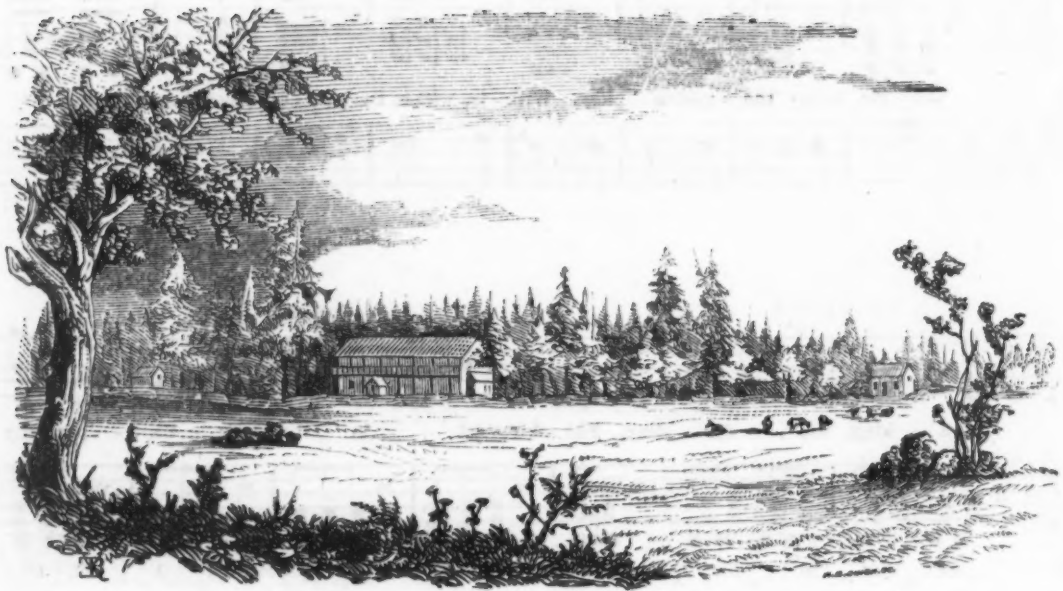
A SERENADE.

un - der - neath thy bal - co - ny, I touch, I touch my soft gui - tar. If thou art
mu - sic turns the golden key, With - in, within the gate of sleep! And thus I

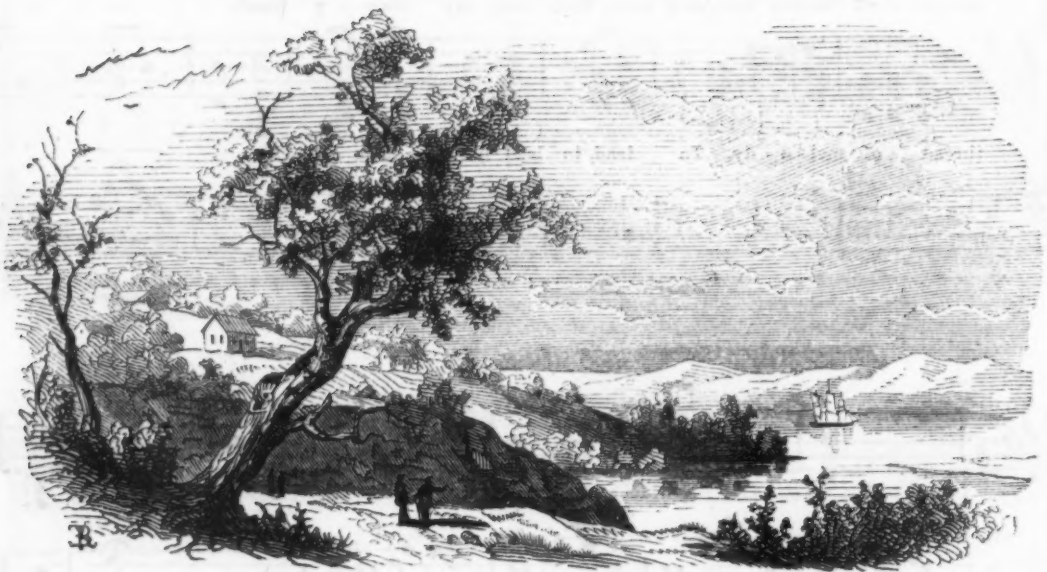
wa - king, La - dy, dear, The fair - est in the land; Un - bar thy
lin - ger in her bower, And weave a sim - ple strain; A lit - tle

Con amore ad lib.

wreath - ed lattice now, and wave, And wave thy snow - y hand.
thread of mel - o - dy, To lead, to lead her back a - gain.



METHODIST MISSION NEAR DALLES, BACK OF ASTORIA.



BAY OF MONTEREY.